

DEVOTED TO MUSIC, DRAMA AND THE ARTS:

MUSICAL AMERICA

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Emil Sauer

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MUSICAL AMERICA!

THE very idea would have been greeted as preposterous but a few years ago.

Then the outside world knew America where they "struck ile," America where the dollars grew, America of the big wheat crops and plentiful pork, America of crazy inventors, America of cocktails and slang, of shrewish women who talked through their noses, of politicians ignorant and corrupt, but of "Musical America" the world of art and letters had not heard. To it we were only an unwieldy aggregation of money grabbers and vulgarians, too fond of the dollar to resent an insult, a people with a problematical political future and no intellectual or æsthetic life whatever.

Things have changed!

To-day the world realizes that there is an Artistic America, a Musical America, an America that teems with aspiration for all that is beautiful and true, that sends forth her children, year by year, to feed on the garnered wisdom of the old world, children who apply themselves to enthusiastic study in every field of art, as other thousands labor here under the old world's wisest masters as well as under native teachers, equally wise and capable.

And this old world knows that where the fruit is, the seed must have gone before or they could not have heard the song of an Albani, an Eamès, a Nordica, a Hauk, or the compositions of a McDowell, a Foote or a Paine. The old world at last sees the significance of a Longfellow, a Whitman, of a Story, a Whistler, a Church and an Abbey.

The old world philosopher wonders that such development could have come in a hundred years in a country where the Indian had to be fought, a track made through the virgin forest, the land cleared, houses, railroads and canals built and the struggle for bread was dire.

What country in modern times has, under like conditions, embellished a century of its life with such an array of historians, of novelists, of poets, of humorists?

What country has produced such singers, such players?

The Caribbean and the China seas have just borne testimony to the nations, that this young people's muscles are knit!

Santiago and Manila are our titles to stand as a power among the powers of the earth.

America has asserted herself in industry, in invention, in science, in her marvelous prosperity and now she has asserted herself in war.

Why should she not assert herself in the arts, in music, and fling to the breeze the banner "Musical America" to proclaim that the nation throbs in unison with all that is best and highest in musical endeavor?

Where in the world can the singer, or player, or teacher, command such a reward as here? Where are there so many art schools, music schools, conservatories, so many teachers, musical and instrumental?

Think of our orchestras and bands, our musical societies and choruses, our church choirs, our organists, our pianists, our violinists, our singers, our teachers that are to-day numbered by the tens of thousands!

* * *

MUSICAL AMERICA has risen to chronicle the national endeavor, the national work in music and to assert a principle—the principle of honesty and justice in journalism.

No fitter name could have been chosen.

* * *

MUSICAL AMERICA comes to you breathing a spirit of good will, of helpfulness, of kindly appreciation of all honest work in the world of music, drama and the arts.

It will be "American" in that broad sense that typifies the land which having solved the problem of self-government, and reached the highest industrial prosperity, will now develop the greatest artistic activity and achievement, for where man is most free, most happy, there will he be most moral, most intelligent; there will he enter upon the region of the ideal, whose expression to the senses is given him

by the arts, of which the greatest and nearest to the divine is—Music.

And the dominant note of the new world will not be of sorrow, nor of reckless hilarity, not of half-crazed enthusiasm, nor of war and boisterous struggle as with other nations, but it will be of hope and love, of light, and of peace among men.

JOHN C. FREUND.

XAVER SCHARWENKA.

The Berlin "Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" of September 23 announces that Xaver Scharwenka will return to Germany in October and re-enter the faculty of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory, at Berlin, as the head of the Piano Department.

This is certainly no good news for New York, but it is only partially correct. Xaver Scharwenka left here for Berlin during the latter part of August and returned to this country last Wednesday on the "Fulda." Though it is a fact that he has signed a contract with Dr. Goldschmidt, the director of the Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory, at Berlin, he will spend a portion of each year in this country, devoting his time to teaching.

Scharwenka has been a resident of New York for about seven years, and as he has made a host of friends here, he will be missed socially as much as professionally. Xaver Scharwenka is one of the few big men in the musical world of the present day, and it certainly must hurt New York's artistic pride to have him take up his permanent abode in Berlin. For about a year he has been striving for an opportunity to give orchestral concerts, but he did not succeed. It is not at all unlikely that the failure of his efforts in this direction has something to do with his decision to return to Berlin.

The firm of Breitkopf & Härtel has just purchased the score of a new piano concerto by Scharwenka, and Rafael Joseffy, to whom it is dedicated, will play the new composition for the first time in public during the coming season.

DAMROSCH TO SETTLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Walter Damrosch is about to shake the dust of ungrateful New York from his feet and settle in Philadelphia, to which city he will shortly transfer his office from Carnegie Hall.

Arrangements are now under way by which he will direct the Philadelphia Permanent Orchestra, the management of which will be in the hands of Mr. C. L. Graff.

What is New York's loss is Philadelphia's gain.

MUSICAL AMERICA congratulates the City of Brotherly Love that it has won for itself so distinguished a musician, composer and conductor; a man who, though still young, has displayed wonderful talent and energy.



Patti's real age—Before the public for nearly half a century—She still sings while her rivals are faded and gone—The fall of Gerster—Paderewski will not come this season—Mark Twain's thirst for tragedy.

The oft disputed point as to where and when Adelina Patti was born seems at last to have been definitely settled by the discovery of her birth record in the register of the Church of St. Luis, Madrid, from which it appears that Adelina was born in that city at 4 o'clock in the morning of February 19, 1843, that her full name is Adelina Juana Maria, that her father was Salvator Patti, a professor of music, and her mother, Catrina Chiosa, a singer of Rome.



According to this record La Diva is now in her fifty-fifth year, and as she began to sing in public in this country when she was about nine or ten years old, she has enjoyed a career of nearly half a century, during which she has seen many a great reputation in the world of song rise and fall. The accompanying portrait of Mme. Patti was taken in 1855, when she was twelve years of age.

Two years before she had appeared at the Winter Garden (now the Broadway Central Hotel) in New York.

In 1855 she made a tour of the United States, when she was thus advertised:

ADELINA PATTI and PAUL JULIEN,
The two great youthful geniuses of the age.
Monsieur AUGUSTE COCKEL,
The great, most eminent and brilliant pianist.
ETTORE BARILE, Baritone.

So, you see, even forty years ago the pianist was a great personage and the baritone of not much account.

If but one-half the time and space devoted by the papers to alleged discoveries of Mme. Patti's exact age and place of birth had been devoted to a dis-

cussion of the reasons why she has been enabled to preserve her marvelous voice to such an extraordinary degree that she now delights the grandchildren of those who first heard her, it would have been more profitable.

* * *

It has always been one of the cardinal points of my philosophy that "nature imposes no penalty on the rightful use of her powers, but, on the contrary, offers a reward to those who never abuse her."

It is necessary for a singer to use the voice correctly and to supplement that by a simple and healthful method of daily life, in order to be able to sing well for any great length of time.

"This goes without saying," as the French have it, you will perhaps tell me, but while it may be common sense, it is the kind of common sense that few singers have had. Patti had it.

In spite of all the luxury with which she has been surrounded, her personal habits were always very simple, and then she never forced her voice when singing. She was a singer, not a vocal declaimer. She never uttered long and piercing shrieks on a high note and thought them "musical tones," because the "groundlings" applauded. And so she sings to this day, a living marvel; when all her dear contemporaries of song are faded and gone.

* * *

There are those who will tell you of the number of beer kegs this singer has emptied, of the acres of tobacco another has smoked, of the gallons of champagne another has consumed, of the lovers of this woman and the wild extravagances of another—which do not seem to have hurt their voices, so they say.

Bah!

If you have eyes and ears, you can hear the beer guzzle in that singer's voice.

You can hear the harshness of tone that comes from that tobacco-dried throat. You can hear the champagne corks dispute with the singer his upper notes.

As for the women!

They buried one the other day in poverty and shame, and another, faded and worn, gives lessons to callow girls in Paris.

* * *

'Tis more than a dozen years ago, when, among other things, I was managing the first series of Sunday concerts at the newly-opened Casino that I brought on my god-father, the late Karl Formes, who had just come on from San Francisco.

The people wouldn't believe it! They said it couldn't be—said that Formes would have to be over eighty, if living. Besides which, what a wild fellow he had been!

That sturdy figure with the raven black hair, Karl! Impossible! But it was Karl, Karl who had practised the utmost self-denial, after he was sixty, and so rejuvenated himself. I asked him whether to give up wine and cigars had been hard. "Hard! My boy!" he roared. "Why, I haf follow a man for a mile just to get a whiff of his cigar!"

* * *

Did you ever think of what it meant to create and build up that personage, a great prima donna? What labor of teachers, accompanists, managers, newspaper men, writers, painters, even dressmakers? What sleepless hours and what a struggle for the woman herself!

And it can all be lost in a night! Do you remember that night when Gerster fell at the Metropolitan?

It was some eight years ago, when Henry Abbey was alive and still in the zenith of a successful career. That was the season he brought out little Joseph Hoffman.

A house crowded to the doors; for Etelka was much beloved.

There had been rumors of family trouble and sickness in Europe, but Abbey's agent, a man at one time musical critic for the "World," had cabled, "She's all right."

When some members of the company had sung, Gerster came on—even the wildly enthusiastic greeting she received did not tinge her deadly pallor.

The first notes! What was it? What had happened? We looked at one another!

The voice gone! The singer out of tune, and, as she smiled at us, evidently unconscious!

I saw strong men weep that night.

* * *

A week or ten days later I was one of a little party that included Abbey, his partner, Schoeffel, Marcus Mayer and Steinberg, musical critic of the "Herald."

We went to New Haven.

Gerster was to sing again. The news of her breakdown had been telegraphed all over the country and people were demanding their money back, but Abbey was a generous man and refused to give up without another trial; besides which he stood to lose a fortune.

We heard her again, and it was but a little better. We told Abbey frankly what we thought, after the concert.

He drank a glass of brandy before he went down to Gerster's rooms to tell her that all was over.

When he came back, after an hour, we kept silent.

"Well?" said I, finally.

"She heard me," said Abbey, "all through with the sweetest patience, without one word of reproach and then—fell flat on her face on the floor! Boys!" he continued, as he wiped away the perspiration from his face, "let's get out into the air!"

And thus it was that Gerster fell.

The cause?

Was it a domestic tragedy or had she overstrained her voice?

* * *

Paderewski has denied the report that he is to come to this country this season to play the Chickering piano.

A month ago Henry Wolfsohn, the distinguished manager, said there was no truth in the story through the columns of my other paper, "Music Trades." Wolfsohn said Paderewski would keep loyal to the Steinways. He was a loyal man, for did he not play the Erard piano in London—and everybody knows what that means—simply because the Erard house had befriended him in his early days?

* * *

A humorist is never so funny as when he wants to be very serious.

If you desire a proof of this assertion get a copy of the "Forum" for October and read Mark Twain's article "About Play Acting."

The illustrious Mark, while recently abroad, saw a tragedy, "The Master of Palmyra," at the celebrated Burg Theater in Vienna. This he describes with much dramatic force. Having accomplished so much, he contrasts this performance with two columns of the "ads" of our local theaters. "Look on this picture and then on that," says he.

According to Mark we are decadent because we are given over to too much love for comedy, light music, farce comedy and vaudeville. What we need is a weekly dose of tragedy, at some high-class theater, in order to be honest men and capable members of society.

I can understand how a heavy tragedy would come to a professional humorist with all the relief of a breath of fresh, cool air to a traveler in Sahara.

It is the tired-out votaries of pleasure, the members of the best society, who turn from the frivolity of their daily lives to a tragedy, with zest.

Don't you know, dear Mark, that we, the common people, have enough of tragedy in our daily lives anyhow, and we are all beginning to want to laugh?

Have you forgotten what Luther said?

"There's nothing the devil hates so much as a hearty laugh!"

JOHN C. FREUND.

New Opera for Bostonians—The Bostonians have secured a new opera, entitled "Ulysses," which will be rehearsed while the company is in Boston.

Patti to Marry?—Mme. Patti's recent application for naturalization in England is said to be connected with her early marriage to a young Englishman. New York friends of the *diva* deny the rumor, but it has gained some credence in England.

Our Sketch Book



EMIL SAUER.



This is not an age of mediocrity.

In the realm of music, especially, only the fittest survive.

The charlatan has found his proper level, and most contemporary artists that win and retain public favor stand on their merits alone.

How eminent, therefore, the significance of a pianist who is at once the favorite of the European public, the model for critics and an acknowledged power among the most famous players of his generation.

How exalted his rank, when it has been won without the aid of modern, blatant advertising, and repugnant self-puffing—when, in fact, his performances speak louder than the rhetoric of his manager.

Such a pianist is Emil Sauer.

He will introduce himself to the most discriminating, because most cosmopolitan, audience in the world, at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of January 10, 1899.

Predictions are sometimes divinations.

An intimate knowledge of the famous pianist's personality and playing makes me prophesy for Emil Sauer success; instant, complete, overpowering.

To him the nationality of his audience matters not, for his art is eclectic. It appeals primarily to the heart.

Its breadth, beauty and fire, its strength, dignity and finish, its splendor and brilliancy, render it kin to all sorts and conditions of men.

Sauer possesses that subtle temperament in which the wildest extremes come together.

He combines dreamy poetry and tenderness with healthful virility and leonine fire.

He can sigh and sob as Chopin did; his thunder is as sonorous as Liszt's, his exulting as jubilant. In breadth and massiveness he rivals Rubinstein.

He unites all the qualities of the great and fuses them with his own.

This is "individuality;" this is consummate art.

To hold is more difficult than to gain the attention of our generation.

Unlike most recent artistic successes, Sauer's triumph has not been meteoric. He is a fixed star in the firmament of pianists.

His playing never palls.

He is always absolutely original. He is like nobody, and nobody is like him.

Although, as with all superior virtuosos of today, with Sauer technique is a "sine qua non," his mechanism has a peculiar energy and crispness all its own.

One might say: "He never plays notes nor mere passages, but always tones."

Possessing a rarely acute sense of color balance and tonal values, Sauer is a master of climax.

In forte passages it is never his strength that impresses, but always his strenuousness.

No one else can tell a musical tale, draw and color the illustrations as does Sauer.

No audience can withstand his masterful and irresistible personality.

Before his ardor and intensity, prejudice disappears.

The marvelous vehemence and magnificent impetuosity of the man always carry the day.

Sauer is not a specialist. He has his softer moments, also.

He seems an emotional chameleon, reflecting the

whole gamut of musical expression between the plastic phrases of Bach and the graphic clamor of Liszt.

For him there are no sealed pages in the book of music.

His music is himself.

Would you know more of Sauer?

Go hear him play!

LEONARD LIEBLING.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sauer: His Life and Triumphs.

Born in Hamburg, 1862, Emil Sauer received his early training in piano-playing from his mother.

In 1876 Rubinstein heard Sauer, and being struck by his talent, warmly recommended him to his brother. Sauer thereupon became a stipendiary of Nikolaus Rubinstein.

He made his debut in North Germany and the Rhineland. In the following year he went to London, where he immediately won the favor of the English public.

In 1883 he completed a concert tour in Spain and Italy.

In 1884 Sauer received his last artistic consecration in Weimar from Liszt, who thoroughly recognized the extraordinary endowments of the young pianist.

He made his Berlin debut in 1885, in the presence of the Imperial family, and from that moment dates his world-wide reputation.

Since then the concert halls of Germany, Austria, Russia, England, the Netherlands and Scandinavia have echoed with the enthusiastic applause of Sauer's delighted audiences.

In the years 1894, '95 and '96 England was again the special field of his triumphs, triumphs such as had not been known there since the days of Liszt and Rubinstein.

Seldom has there been such unanimity of critical opinion as on the subject of Sauer's playing.

Appended are a few press notices which are ample evidence of the enthusiasm with which he has been received:

Sauer belongs to the few pianists who have risen from the "called" to the "chosen."—H. Ehrlich, Berliner Tageblatt.

Sauer is—we stated this a year ago without reserve—the best piano player of all artists now alive.—Wilhelm Tappert, the eminent Berlin critic.

In the solemn opening rhythms of the Pathétique—who could ever forget Sauer's grand style and powerful conception?—Munich Kunst und Theater Anzeiger.

To paint the impression which Sauer brings out in his treatment of cantilene, especially in piano passages, is completely beyond the power of our pen.—M. Stanislawski, St. Petersburg Zeitung.

We place Sauer above all pianists that we remember.—London Musical Standard.

Among the kings of the keyboard Sauer is the greatest.—London Musical News.

He makes his hearers delirious. He is the idol of the public. His gifts are inconceivable even in this age of sensations.—London World.

Sauer understands his Beethoven if any one does.—Dr. Otto Neitzel, Cologne Deutsche Zeitung.

Eugen d'Albert.—That the faculty of the Leipzig conservatory needs some fresh blood is generally admitted. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that Eugen d'Albert has been engaged for that venerable institution as piano instructor. He will begin teaching next spring.

Verdi's Birthday.—To-morrow, October 9, occurs the eighty-fifth birthday of Verdi. Many musical organizations throughout the country have made arrangements to celebrate appropriately the natal day of the "G. O. M." of music.

Mascagni's Symphonic Poem.—A new symphonic poem by Mascagni was performed at Recanti, on the occasion of the centenary of the Italian poet and pessimist, Leopardi. The work was received with such unalloyed enthusiasm that it had to be repeated in its entirety.

A CHAT WITH AUS DER OHE.

Adele Aus der Ohe, the pianist, who returned to America a few days ago after an absence of something like two years, will be heard here frequently this winter. She was one of the principal soloists last week at the Worcester Festival. In addition to her New York engagements, her tour this season includes nearly all the larger cities throughout the country. In an interview at the Belvedere, the great pianist spoke with enthusiasm not only of our hospitality as a nation, but also as to the appreciation of music, and the deep interest manifested everywhere by Americans.

"I have," said she, "invariably found the American audience most intelligent, sympathetic and very enthusiastic, and for that reason one cannot help liking to play before them."

"As a pupil of Liszt, his influence is more or less apparent in your playing?"

"Yes, Liszt undoubtedly had a great influence on my playing. It was during the last five years of his life that I knew him. When I first went to Weimar he was about seventy years of age, and, while he was, of course, no longer at his best, he still retained that power of thrilling his hearers, which distinguished him from any other player. As you know, he never took any remuneration for his lessons; they were not lessons. We used to prepare whatever we wished to play to him, and if he liked the looks of it and felt interested, he asked us to play it. If, on looking it over, it did not take his fancy, then it was not played. He was very good to me, and I was generally called upon to play. As the lesson lasted only about two hours, not more than five or six of us had a chance to be heard. But then, the amount one could learn from his comments and suggestions to the others was illimitable.

"Who were his talented pupils at that time?—Well, there were several, among whom I might mention Rosenthal, Sauer, Siloti, Stavenhagen and Arthur Friedheim."

"Did you know Von Bülow?"

"Yes, very well. Liszt was really fond of him; in fact, Von Bülow's photograph was about the only one the master ever kept on his writing table. Von Bülow used to say some pretty sharp things to people, and had the reputation of being "eccentric," to say the least, but he was really very good-hearted, and much misunderstood. My earliest recollection of him was as a child of five years, when he used to stand me in a corner of the room and get me to tell him the notes of the most difficult chords which he would strike on the piano. I did it, and correctly, too. This used to amuse him very much.

"No, I never met Rubinstein, although I heard him play several times."

"How did Rubinstein's playing differ from Liszt's?"

"I should say that Rubinstein lacked Liszt's remarkable faculty of merging his personality in that of the composer. There was a strong element of Rubinstein in whatever he played. Whether he played Bach or Beethoven, it was always Rubinstein."

"Did you know Tschaikowsky?"

"Yes, and I first met him in this country. It was at the opening of Carnegie Hall seven or eight years ago. He conducted the orchestra, and I played his Concerto. He was so pleased with my playing that he made me promise to come to Russia, which I did a year or so later, and played the concerto at his concert in St. Petersburg. His celebrated symphony 'Pathétique' was given for the first time at this concert. This was the last time he appeared in public; a few weeks later he was dead.

In personal appearance, Fräulein Aus der Ohe is tall and graceful. She has a pleasant and interesting face, and a manner so charmingly frank that you feel at ease in her presence immediately. She devotes from three to five hours to practice daily. She also devotes a portion of her time to composing, as the number of her compositions already published attests.

CHAS. L. MCCARTHY.

MUSICAL MANAGERS.

No. 1. Henry Wolfsohn.

To be a manager!

It is to be a mark for the bitter envy—sometimes the malicious hatred of the people whose fame and fortune he makes.

There is such a difference between the unending drudgery of the artist's life and the authoritative poise of the man who merely manages!

"Merely" is the dominant word in the comparison. It rang in my inner ear as I sat with Henry Wolfsohn studying the man who exerts so large an influence on the musical affairs of a continent.



HENRY WOLFSOHN.

All he has to do is to listen to aspiring singers, determine which of them is qualified, arrange for their appearances and see that the business goes smoothly.

A trifling task, some would say, and yet one that requires work, and ability of the highest order.

How many things go to the make-up of a manager!

Behold, then, one whose broad brow and full eye betoken the artistic faculty, innate and well developed. Quick perception and alert habit of thought, showing in every response to a query, however wide of the subject last mentioned. Speech of no common sort, but forceful, direct, well-chosen and well-directed. Indications many, of close study, intense application, thorough understanding of cause and effect, and above all, profound conviction and unhesitating self-reliance.

I remarked that it could hardly be that his business ventures were always successful.

"No," he said, frankly, "they are not. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes, but when I make them they are likely to be important. I send a singer, it

may be, to some club or society that I have been furnishing with singers for perhaps five or six years. All the previous engagements will have been successful, and highly satisfactory, but this one is a failure for some reason or another. If I fail once in satisfying the public, whether it be my fault or not, all previous success is forgotten, and I lose the business of that club."

Later on I suggested that he must love his profession well, or he would hardly continue working as hard as he does.

"No!" he exclaimed. It was almost a shout.

"How did you come to embark in it, then?"

"I was a music teacher in Louisville twenty years ago, and I was dissatisfied. I wanted larger things, but there did not seem to be any larger things in reach. I came to New York in '79 with my brother-in-law, Gus Kerker. He had an opera, his first one, that he wanted to have presented. It was presented, and it was a failure. Never mind why. He has made his successes since then, and I have made mine.

"After the failure we went to Chicago. We traveled on our checks. You know what that is? You give the conductor the check for your trunk, and he keeps it till you get where you want to go, and borrow money enough to redeem it by paying your fare.

"In Chicago I met Wilhelmj. He was in hard luck and did not know what to do. I suggested that he and I should make a concert tour, he to play, and I to manage. He said he had no money. I said it would not take much, but neither of us had a dollar.

"He liked the idea, though. He got \$300 from the German Consul in St. Louis, and we started.

"We had the hardest sort of a run till we reached Denver, but we struck good business there, and continued to find it all the way to San Francisco. At the end of the season Wilhelmj had more money than he had ever had in his life before. More than \$15,000.

"After that I came back to New York and for some years made it a business to arrange similar tours for other artists. I took out Joseffy on two tours, D'Engremont, the boy violinist, the Lilli Lehmann, Rummel and Musin combination, Minnie Hauck and others. This went on for some years.

I arranged for the first Seidl concerts in Steinway Hall, where Niemann and Adele aus der Ohe appeared for the first time. Afterwards I furnished most of the artists for several large organizations, such as the New York Philharmonic and the New York Symphony and Oratorio Societies. Then for years I furnished the artists for the Thomas and Seidl Sunday night concerts in the Lenox Lyceum.

"At last, about ten years ago, I organized my musical bureau, to which I have given my whole attention ever since. It is practically the same work, only that I manage the business of many artists instead of one, and I do it from my office, instead of traveling with them."

"It is a curious business?"

"No. It is intricate, rather than curious. I have to study the entire musical field in the first place. There are 267 women's musical clubs. They prove the enormous growth of musical culture in this country within the last quarter-century, for they have nearly all sprung up within that time, and they are composed of true music-lovers.

"Then there are the permanent orchestras, the symphonies, the oratorio societies, the opera troupes any and all of which come to me for artists.

One day in the week I listen to the singers who come to me for engagements. I hear them right in this room."

"Do many singers come?"

"Five or six hundred a year. And from among them I take perhaps one in a dozen, so that I usually have on my books twenty or so of first-class artists, and, may be, forty smaller ones."

"Then all you have to do, after selecting them," I said, "is to send them, on certain dates, to the clubs or managers who want singers?"

Mr. Wolfsohn looked at me with exquisite disdain.

"Yes, that's all," he said, after a pause. "It isn't much, is it? I must know precisely the quality of voice and even the personal characteristics that are required at each place, and on each occasion. I must arrange the terms; I must see that dates do not clash and that transportation and living accommodations are all right. I must know at all times just where my artists are.

"This last point is most important. I have sometimes to supply some particular artist at a moment's notice. I was notified once at eleven o'clock at night to have a certain man in Newport to play the following evening at Mr. Vanderbilt's house. I found him at four in the morning, and he was there on time.

"Then the printing—come here!"

"These I have to send out by thousands to newspapers and to managers. No, I make no effort to influence the critics. Outside of New York and Boston it isn't worth while, and in those cities it couldn't be done. I watch what they say. They are fair and reliable. If an artist does not suit the real critics—those who stand at the head of their profession—the public will not be suited.

"Yes, my business extends all over the United States. Not to Mexico, for Mexican money is only worth one-half of ours. Sometimes, when the American public tires of singers, I send them to Europe, and they do well over there.

"I called it a thankless business. So it is, though it is true that I get warm letters of thanks sometimes from artists I have managed. I have such letters from Lillian Blauvelt, the Henschels, Alexandre Guilmant, Ffrangcon-Davies and others."

"It is the money I am in business for," said Mr. Wolfsohn, "not ambition, or personal gratification, or professional pride." And the straightforward way he said it seemed to stand, with all the other indications, as a revelation of the character of the man.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Mme. • Blanche • Marchesi,

Song Recitals,

Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

Cécille Lorraine,

PRIMA
DONNA
SOPRANO,

Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

HUGO HEINZ,

Baritone,

Wolfsohn Musical Bureau.

ROSENTHAL



THE APPROACHING SEASON.

If seven months hence, after the season of '98-'99 is ended, the gentle reader should perchance take up this article again, he probably will find that not all the good things anticipated in this prospect have come to pass. But it is the nature of all the undertakings of mankind that they never turn out exactly as they were schemed. Our managers and impresarios, however, are even more addicted to a sanguine view of the future than other mortals.

But even if some operas should not be sung and some concerts not given as promised, New York will have a full and highly interesting musical season. Hardly ever before has such a variety of operatic and musical events been offered to the public of the metropolis. Grand opera in three different languages, light operas and comic operas, symphony concerts of the highest order as popular orchestral concerts, recitals of the most celebrated virtuosos, and miscellaneous concerts—all these widely different forms of musical entertainment will be in abundance during the coming New York season. Yes, the outlook is almost embarrassing in its richness, and, after glancing over the prospect, nobody will dare boast that he is going to take in everything. Besides, that would be a physical impossibility, as operas and concerts of importance will frequently be given simultaneously at different places.

I.—The Opera.

The season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House will not begin until November 28, Maurice Grau having decided to give a three weeks' season in Chicago before the New York season. This leaves the field during the month of November entirely to our great orchestral organizations and at the same time offers a chance to our upper-tendons to acquire a taste for symphony, which opportunity is usually lost after the palate has been moistened by grand opera. Beginning late, the opera season will also end late, lasting not less than seventeen consecutive weeks. With four performances a week, the season will contain sixty-eight subscription performances.

But this is not all. Judging that what goes in London must be a success in New York, Mr. Grau has decided to give us, in addition to the regular subscription season, two unabbreviated performances of Wagner's *Nibelungen-cycle*, embracing "*Rheingold*," "*Walküre*," "*Siegfried*" and "*Götterdämmerung*." The first cycle will be given in January, the second in February, the former being an evening, the latter an afternoon affair. As New York is undoubtedly far ahead of London in the appreciation of Wagner's music, there is no reason why these special *Nibelungen* performances should not prove the thing and an enormous success here—they may even become the fad of the season.

There is, however, no fear that the lovers of the old traditional opera will be left out in the cold.

On the contrary, Mr. Grau promises to give a new lustre to the time-worn "*Lucia*" and "*Traviata*" by having the divine Jean sing the Edgardo and Alfredo.

Of course, everybody knows who is meant by Jean. There is only one tenor in the whole operatic world who can be called by his Christian name without leaving the slightest doubt as to his identity. And this very great artist, Jean de Reszke, is again to head the company. Bound to have the best of everything, and rich enough to pay for it, New York needs this man as long as he is available, no matter how big a salary he may ask. Furthermore, there are other artists in the company who are paid less, but cost more. Has there ever been, with the exception of Adelina Patti, a drawing power in opera like Jean de Reszke?

There is, besides Jean de Reszke, among the tenors of the company the great Van Dyk. He has never been in America before, though most flattering overtures have been made to him time and again by American managers. Knowing that he would suffer frightfully from "*mal de mer*" on the voyage, Van Dyk had so far refrained from seeking additional fame in the new world. In Europe, more especially in Vienna, Paris and Bayreuth, he is considered one of the foremost among living tenors.

Much less is known about the third tenor of the company, Saleza, who is said to be young and promising. He has sung with great success at Covent Garden and at the Grand Opera in Paris. Andreas Dippel, who is also a member of Mr. Grau's forces, will be well remembered from his appearances under Stanton's management of German opera.

Among the baritones there is a Van Rooy, a countryman of Van Dyk, who is new to our public. He has become more widely known since he sang in Bayreuth two years ago. Another newcomer is Henri Albers, while Campanari and Bispham need no introduction. Nor is it necessary to dwell upon the merits of Edouard de Reszké and Pol. Plançon, Mr. Grau's leading basses.

And what a bevy of sopranos Mr. Grau has gathered! Melba, of course, will be with us only for a limited number of performances, as she is also under contract with the Ellis Opera Company. But we shall have Marcella Sembrich, that sterling artist, for the coloratura parts. Then there are Emma Calvé, Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica and quite a number of lesser lights, among them an American girl, Miss Suzanne Adams, who made a successful début at Covent Garden last spring.

The contraltos are Marie Brema, Eugenia Mantelli and Ernestina Schumann-Heink. The first two will certainly be welcomed by a legion of admirers, while the last is apt to create a sensation on account of her marvelous voice.

With the exception of the *Nibelungen* cycle the repertoire will be the conventional one. Manager Grau, as a rule, does not believe in new productions. He proposes, however, to make us acquainted with Mancinelli's "*Ero e Leander*." Mancinelli and Beignani will again conduct all the French and Italian operas, while, for the German performances, Mr. Schalk, of Prague, has been engaged. As a newcomer, little known even on the other side, he will have a hard task before him in filling the place of the late Anton Seidl.

II.—Concerts.

Our concerts will present an unfamiliar aspect this season so far as conductors are concerned. Accustomed to see either Anton Seidl or Walter Damrosch conduct our local orchestras, the public must now manage to get along without either.

Emil Paur, consequently, enters upon his New York career under exceptionally trying circumstances. To him has fallen the task of conducting about as many concerts here this winter as Seidl and Damrosch together have conducted in a season. How will he do it? Will he be able to fill our musicians with enthusiasm? Will he fire his audiences with real love for orchestral music?

Paur is no stranger in New York. For five years he has been at the head of the Boston Symphony

Orchestra, and that under his baton this standard orchestra has not lost anything of its marvelous technical perfection was amply proved in its annual visits to New York. It is true that Emil Paur met with thoroughly adverse criticism when he conducted his first concert here five years ago, and this severe criticism was at least partly, if not wholly, justified by his irritating peculiarities and nervous mannerism. But he has grown since. He has shown beyond any doubt that he is a thorough and broad-minded musician; he has developed considerably more temperament, and his beat has become firmer—reason enough for public and orchestra to give him all possible encouragement.

Emil Paur will fill Anton Seidl's place at the Philharmonic concerts, of which we shall again have eight in the afternoon and the same number in the evening. Carnegie Hall was hardly large enough last year for all who wanted to enjoy these concerts, and it is to be hoped that the attendance will be just as large during the coming season.

Emil Paur, furthermore, will conduct the twelve subscription concerts which Manager Carl Loewenstein is going to give in the ballroom of the Astoria. Last winter these concerts were an absolute novelty, and in spite of the enormous prices—five dollars a seat—they turned out rather successfully. As at the Philharmonic concerts, the best available soloists will be heard at these fashionable concerts, and as to the orchestra, Manager Loewenstein promises the very best that money can procure in New York.

With this same orchestra a cycle of eight symphony concerts will be given under Paur's leadership at Carnegie Hall, and Manager Loewenstein likewise intends to give a number of Sunday evening concerts at the same place.

This leaves Emil Paur practically without any competition as far as local conductors are concerned. However, there will be one formidable outside competitor—Gericke—who resumes his old place at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The concerts of this famous organization have given such delight to New York music-lovers that the management has decided to add five afternoon concerts to the customary five evening concerts. The Metropolitan Opera House, the acoustics of which were never favorable to concert, will be abandoned, and the Boston orchestra will again be heard at Carnegie Hall.



While orchestral concerts will be plentiful in New York in the coming season, there will be no end of individual recitals and miscellaneous concerts. Leaving aside the public performances of home talent which, with such high-grade artists as Joseffy, McDowell, Burmeister and a few others, will certainly form a most interesting part of the season, the crop of recitals by foreign artists promises to be tremendous. The long list of European virtuosos who intend to visit the New World this winter is headed by Emil Sauer. He is one of the few really great pianists of the day, and he is bound to create a sensation here as he has done before in London and elsewhere.

Sauer begins his American tour on January 10, at a time when Rosenthal, his great rival, will play in California.

Rosenthal will be warmly welcomed by his many admirers, and most deservedly so. He is expected here shortly, and will give his first recital on October 26 at Carnegie Hall.

Then Edouard Zeldenrust is to come—a pianist from Belgium, about whom report tells wonderful things. Teresa Carreno will come back to renew her former triumphs, and Siloti will likewise return to further enlarge our knowledge of Russian piano-music.

Engagements with foreign violinists are pending; for instance, with Leopold Auer, the director of the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg. Sure to come is Willy Burmester, a very brilliant young German violinist.

With such a prospect it does not look as though any music-lover need go hungry in New York next season.

AUGUST SPANUTH.

WORCESTER'S FESTIVAL.

A Notable Artistic Success, as a Whole—The New Conductor, Mr. Chadwick, Displays Great Ability, Though Badly Hampered by the Chorus—Miss May Stein and Mme. Galski Cheered—Miss Sara Anderson Achieves Success.

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 1, 1898.

In the face of various inauspicious conditions, Worcester's Musical Festival, which began last Tuesday evening and ended to-night, achieved a notable artistic success, when considered as a whole. This means much in several ways, for Worcester sets the pace for a series of great festivals, and its progress and results are very closely watched and weighed. It is agreeable to be able to add that the festival will also probably prove a financial success, and that all its obligations will be fully met by the receipts, if not more than covered. This happy result, which calls for special mention, inasmuch as it is closely allied with the musical plan of the festival, is chiefly due to the policy of the managers in securing a generally competent body of soloists, including a quartet whose known accomplishments permitted no hesitation in their engagement, instead of one high-priced singer, with assistants of more or less uncertain reputation.

Last year's experience at Worcester with the "star" system was a sad and costly one, and a stunning deficit had to be met by drawing upon the funds of the Festival Association. The residents of this fine city and the surrounding country justly believe their festival was a success, and they did their utmost to make it one. They turned out in vast numbers at every concert, and the feminine portion wore their most sumptuous gowns to do honor to the occasion. The weather was all that could be desired throughout the week, and there was no break in the succession of bright sunny days and glorious moonlight nights. Combine with these items a hall of unimpeachable acoustic properties for the concerts, and the list is complete enough of the favorable conditions under which the festival was given.

The unfavorable conditions before referred to had their basis and rise in the change of conductors this year. Mr. Geo. W. Chadwick, of Boston, took in hand for the first time a chorus, fully half of whose members had been trained for many years by a conductor of entirely different methods and ideas of interpretation, Mr. Zerrahn, and the inevitable result came from time to time—faulty attacks, and a timid and uncertain delivery. It is hard to say exactly where to place the entire blame for these defects.

Without denying Mr. Chadwick a single atom of the large musical ability and knowledge he is known to possess, it has been perfectly evident that he has not had his choral forces in absolute control at all times. As one of the Worcester musical writers aptly put it: "A single season was not time enough (for the chorus) in which to unlearn the old and master the new." The apparently slight item of the irregular rising and sitting of the chorus carried with it an evidence that the singers were not in complete sympathy with the conductor's wishes and that they were unable to understand his

cues perfectly. On one occasion, this indecisive movement of the chorus, with batches of men rising and sinking confusedly to their seats, distracted the attention to a degree that nearly ruined an orchestral interlude. When the chorus did sing in full accord with the conductor, there was an inspiring and impressive burst of tone from its 400 members, and the singing of the larger choruses this evening during H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima" and in some of the choruses of "Elijah" on Tuesday (notably the "Thanks Be to God"), was magnificent and aroused the audiences to a wild pitch of enthusiasm. Nothing better was ever heard anywhere, and it is fair to attribute much of the failure at other times to causes that can be readily remedied another year, chiefly perhaps by a careful elimination of singers who will not submit to the new conditions and who cannot unlearn old methods.

It would manifestly be unfair to judge Mr. Chadwick too harshly for the defects of the week. His choral forces were too unwieldy, for example, to deal with the delicate work of his "Lily Nymph," in which the shortcomings of the singers were especially unpardonable, and which, it is said, was placed on the programme against Mr. Chadwick's wishes, as he felt that he must have for it a chorus capable, through long practice with him, of apprehending its many dainty nuances of composition. The result proved that the postponement of the work for another year would have been advisable. It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Chadwick had a large orchestra unfamiliar with his modes of direction. It was a splendid organization, made up of men from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it was brought together for the first time after a vacation, during which there had been no study, and was set down to watch the baton of an unaccustomed conductor. It is small wonder that it ran away with itself at times and fairly drowned the singers with its crashes of sound. It did some marvelously fine playing, though, at times, in its own numbers, like the "Tannhäuser" and "Magic Flute" overtures, and in the Bach and Grieg pieces. The managers of the Worcester Festival have made no mistake in calling Mr. Chadwick to the direction of affairs, and Worcester recognizes him as the man of the hour. Next year will tell another story.

The large works of the week's programmes have already been mentioned, and it may be added briefly of them that "Elijah" had an extremely satisfactory and impressive interpretation, that the "Hora Novissima" was so finely done that it closed the festival triumphantly, and that it would be invidious to enlarge too severely on one momentary lapse of the choir from accuracy of movement. Other notable choral numbers were the "Lily Nymph" and Grieg's "Olaf Trygvasson." The first was practically wrecked through the indecision of the chorus, and the latter proved a somewhat ineffective selection for concert. One might enjoy it with one's own private orchestra and chorus in one's own hall, for the pleasure of watching the movement of its magnificent orchestration and development, but, as it was heard here, it was hardly more than noisy tumult. It imposes a thankless solo part on a contralto, in this case Mrs. Minna Kellogg-Molda, who is to be credited with having invested the part with

as much interest as was perhaps possible in the circumstances.

The leading quartet of the week included Mme. Galski, Miss Gertrude May Stein, Mr. Evan Williams and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, and it would be hard to say which of these singers attained the greatest success or won the most pronounced popularity, as all were cheered and applauded as much as any singer could possibly wish to be, and on "Artists' Night," when each of them brought forth some battle-horse of song on which to display his or her own best capabilities, the enthusiasm was maintained until each had bowed a circle of thanks to audience, orchestra and chorus five and six times, Miss May Stein and Mme. Galski being especially honored.

In view of her modest announcement at the festival, it may perhaps be said that Miss Sara Anderson achieved a signal triumph. This fair and talented young singer carried all before her by the beauty of her voice, the charm of her art, and the unpretentious power of her personality. She was loaded with congratulations by press and public for her admirable work, and it requires no prophet to predict a great future for her.

Mr. Gwilym Miles, the bass of the second quartet at the festival, made a very strong impression by his robust style and well-trained voice. He was one of the distinct successes of the week. Mr. MacKenzie Gordon and Miss Downey, both young singers of New York, did commendable work in the "Elijah." They were received with kindly expressions of appreciation of their efforts. Mr. Dudley Buck, Jr., a new tenor, failed to excite interest in his performances, which were limited, as far as solo work was concerned, to a single trashy aria, quite enough in itself to ruin the hopes of a singer.

A very interesting event of the week was M. Musin's production for the first time in America of a violin concerto by Lalo, on Russian themes. The composition is exceedingly ingenious, but in no sense popular or to be readily accepted by the general audience, and it did not greatly please yesterday afternoon's assemblage. M. Musin played with all his wonted delicacy and refinement, but he was sadly hampered by the humidity of the air in the hall which wrought havoc repeatedly with his strings.

LUCIEN G. CHAFFIN.

MAINE MUSIC FESTIVAL.

Following close on the Worcester celebration, the Maine Festival, at Bangor, October 6, 7 and 8, is the second of the two great musical events that constitute the formal opening of the musical season, 1898-99.

Though of later origin than its Massachusetts rival, the Maine Festival has taken a position of real weight and significance in the musical life of the United States.

This is due, before all things, to William R. Chapman's artistic supervision, as well as to the excellent business management of the mammoth venture.

Since Mr. Chapman stands sponsor to the musical programmes and performances, unequivocal artistic success was to be expected. Detailed reports of the festival will appear in our next issue.

REMINGTON SQUIRE, Manager.

KATHRIN HILKE,
Soprano.

SHANNAH CUMMINGS,
Soprano.

HEINRICH MEYN,
Baritone.

CHARLES RICE, Tenor.

MARY LOUISE CLARY,
Contralto.

J. H. MCKINLEY,
Tenor.

CARL E. DUFFT,
Basso.

CLEMENTE BELOGNA, Basso.

LILIAN CARLLSMITH,
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E. C. TOWNE,
Tenor.

LEWIS WILLIAMS,
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NEW COMIC OPERAS.

For more than a decade the wiseacres have told us that comic opera has been on the decline; that we are fast approaching a period when it will have disappeared from the face of the earth. They have readily found believers, especially among the more earnest musicians who have always felt inclined to look upon operetta—or comic opera, as we indiscriminately call it in this country—as an illegitimate child of the divine art. And indications that their prophecy would turn out right were rather plentiful. The followers of Johan Strauss and Franz von Suppé in Vienna, with the possible exception of Milloecker, seemed to be unable to produce anything but shallow imitations; and as to Paris, Lécocq could not be considered the equal of Offenbach, much less Audran the equal of Lécocq.

But there was certainly no decrease in the demand for comic opera on the part of the public. On the contrary, the blending of farcical comedy with tuneful music as represented in the up-to-date operetta had caught the fancy of our audiences, and grew more popular year after year. Critical judgment was seldom employed, and a topical song with a catchy refrain made up for a multitude of shortcomings in plot as well as in score. London, where Gilbert and Sullivan represent the last stronghold of high-grade operetta, has surrendered almost completely to a lower kind of entertainment, unjustly called "musical comedy," and with that the level of the Music Hall has been reached.

While in Europe the operetta is in a pitiable state of decadence, it is doubly gratifying that in America composers have risen who are most ambitious to broaden the artistic range of the comic opera and at the same time show ample talent to accomplish their aim. If they have not yet outdone the old masters of the Paris and Vienna school, we should carefully remember that Rome was not built in one day, and that the musical culture of this country is comparatively young.

Twice within the last fortnight we have had the opportunity to realize that artistic competition brought about good results. Both Ludwig Englaender and Victor Herbert show in these, their latest works, that they are aiming to surpass their former efforts in the line of comic opera, and both have been exceedingly successful. Of course, the success of an opera does not depend on the music alone; the author of the libretto carries half of the responsibility. However, it does not interfere with the intrinsic musical value of the score whether the book is bright or dull.

In this case the author happens to be the same person in both cases, Mr. Harry B. Smith having written both librettos—"The Little Corporal" and "The Fortune Teller." That he has not been equally successful in both cannot be denied, "The Little Corporal" proving the stronger of the two.

This really charming comic opera was produced two weeks ago by the Francis Wilson company at the Broadway Theater, where it was received with genuine enthusiasm. While not startlingly interesting, the story is thoroughly amusing. To save the life of his master, who is a French royalist, a Britany peasant appears in the disguise of Bonaparte and undergoes a series of very strange and amusing adventures. The plot is well laid out and easy to follow, and while there are many happenings of an incredible order, the comedy never degenerates into vulgar farce. Great credit is due Mr. Wilson, who assumed the rôle of the pseudo-Bonaparte and played it in a delightfully satirical vein. There was no occasion for the introduction of acrobatic antics,

and Mr. Wilson bravely withstood the temptation to burlesque the character allotted to him. He was ably supported by Lulu Glaser and the other members of his company.

As to the singing, full justice was not always done to the score, though the choruses went well, and so did some of the solo numbers. Englaender's music is particularly graceful. His melodies bear a noble character throughout, and he knows well how to give a dash of originality even to the unavoidable topical song. The most characteristic feature of Englaender's music, however, is a peculiar rhythmical swing that is unmistakably Viennese.

One week later "The Fortune Teller" made its first metropolitan appearance at Wallack's Theater. It served at the same time to introduce Miss Alice Nielsen as a star. New stars have to be discovered before they can expect to be registered; in this case it seems, however, that Miss Nielsen made the discovery all by herself.

She is certainly in many ways unlike other comic opera stars. She is petite, dainty, and has a thin but sweet soprano voice. She is apparently made for soubrette and not for prima donna parts. Though that does not necessarily prevent her from being a star; on the contrary, the public is likely to enjoy the novelty of it. But indispensable to the glory of a star is a certain artistic maturity, and in this Miss Nielsen is as yet lacking. Her acting, while often very pleasing and sometimes effective, is never artistic. She has talent, she is young, and she will improve; but an artist should not pretend to be a star on the strength of his or her future accomplishments.

The first-night audience, however, appeared to be greatly pleased with everything. A first-night audience in New York is seldom very critical.

The scene of the opera is laid in Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, but there is very little Hungarian flavor, except a cleverly written czardas. It would also have been well for the dialogue if Mr. Harry B. Smith could have added some "paprika." The story is rather complicated and hardly worth reciting. It reminds one of "Giroflé Girofla" and of "Fatinitza," but is much less intelligible. Rumor has it that the same book under another title was composed by Reginald de Koven and produced about a year ago in a small Connecticut town without success. Be that as it may, the fact is undeniable that Smith was not full of inspiration when he wrote the libretto of "The Fortune Teller." Even his customary wit is lacking, and he serves us instead with venerable chestnuts.

Whether the music will carry the libretto remains to be seen. Victor Herbert has certainly done his best, and his score deserves high praise. It would be a pity should the composer suffer for the faults of the librettist. There are several melodies in "The Fortune Teller" that are bound to become very popular; for instance, the march in the second act finale, but a higher musical value belongs to the "Lassan and Friska" in the first act, the finale of the same act, and some other concerted numbers. The whole score shows that Victor Herbert has thoroughly mastered the technique of composition.

Among the other members of the cast Eugene Cowles received the greatest applause. Yes, as far as the acknowledgment from the audience is concerned, Cowles might have been taken for the star. This man's proper place is certainly not in comic opera, but on the grand opera stage. His glorious basso voice is sure to create a sensation when heard in grand opera.

AUGUST SPANUTH.

Irish Opera in Germany.—"Shamus O'Brien," the beautiful Irish opera, by Villiers Stanford, is to be produced in Germany shortly. The first performance will take place in Breslau, under the management of Dr. Loewe, who has provided a German translation.

SEASON'S FIRST CONCERT.

The Matinée Musicale given at Chickering Hall on Tuesday, October 4, by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, not only was the first of these interesting entertainments, but also marked the formal opening of the regular concert-season for 1898-99.

Possibly this circumstance accounts for the very large audience that braved the torrid atmosphere and filled Chickering Hall to its utmost seating capacity.

Miss Maria Kuhr opened the brief programme with Schubert-Liszt's "Hark, Hark! The Lark" for piano. Both in this and in her other number, Sgambati's tiresome "Nenia," Miss Kuhr displayed neat technic and intelligent conception.

Miss Eloise Morgan, a soprano of pleasant voice and winsome appearance, sang a long aria from Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis" and two excerpts from Godard's "Jocelyn."

Miss Morgan began her artistic career as a "boy" in one of Hoyt's burlesques. Later she sang in Herbert's "Prince Ananias," and during the past few years she has been studying for the concert stage, in Paris, I believe.

Miss Morgan's ambition was justified, for she is the possessor of good vocal material. Her pronunciation of French might be improved considerably, and she occasionally slips from the key. The familiar Godard "Berceuse" was charmingly done.

Mr. Franz Listemann contributed some violoncello solos, played with taste and finish.

Mrs. Ida Letson Morgan might remember that the accompanist should not only be seen, but also heard.

L.

ONE PIANIST LESS.

News reaches this office that Herr Georg Liebling, the German piano-virtuoso, announced to make his American début this season, has decided not to visit the United States.

Herr Liebling was offered the position of First Professor of Pianoforte at the Royal Guildhall School of Music, London, and his acceptance of this offer is said to have caused the change in his American plans.

Richard Katzenmayer Dead.—Mr. Richard Katzenmayer, for many years president of the Arion Society of New York, founder of the German Singing Societies, and secretary and treasurer of the Brewers' Board of Trade, died very suddenly Monday night, at his home, No. 1370 Lexington avenue. Mr. Katzenmayer had but recently returned from a trip to Europe. The Arion, Liederkrantz, and other German-American societies with which Mr. Katzenmayer was prominently connected, have all called special meetings to arrange for the funeral of their old-time leader.

Mr. Katzenmayer leaves a widow and three children in affluent circumstances.

Looks to a Successful Season.—Frank van der Stucken passed through New York last week on his way to Cincinnati after a five months' vacation in Europe. He was present at all great musical festivals in Europe, and as usual picked out a collection of new and highly interesting orchestral compositions for production in Cincinnati. The symphony orchestra of Cincinnati is surely one of the best organizations of its class in this country, and van der Stucken looks forward to another successful season—the fourth under his baton.

\$325 for a Seat.—At the recent annual auction sale of tickets for the Friday afternoon rehearsals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, \$325 was paid as premium for a seat in the seventh row of the orchestra. The next seat drew a premium of \$310 and the third \$150.

**THE
GREAT
RUSSIAN
PIANIST**

SILOTI



Paris.

Cæsar Franck is to have a monument in the Square St. Clothilde.

The Conservatoire still keeps up the foolish custom of having a competition for the Roman prize, the winner of which is obliged to waste his time in Rome and other Italian cities that once were musical centers. Why not allow the successful candidate to do as he chooses with the hard-earned money?

We are prompt in Paris. Our opera season has begun weeks ago. "Meistersinger" and "Prophète" were the opening operas. The new Conservatory tenor, Mr. Demauroy, was to make his début as Fernando in "La Favorita," but has been recast for Siegmund in the "Walküre."

M. St. Saëns is busy arranging for the production of his "Dejanira" and the ballet "Javotte." These preparations completed, the mercurial composer will take his annual flight to the Canary Islands.

At the Opéra this winter the novelties will be Paul Vidal's "Hans," otherwise "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," besides a revival of "Samson et Dalila," with Mlle. Delna; Mehul's "Joseph," with Mlle. Ackte, and Chabrier's "Briseis," with M. Chretien. The new Opéra Comique will open about November 1, and the novelties will be Paul Puget's "Beaucoup de bruit pour rien" (based, of course upon Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"); Massenet's "Cendrillon," and a revival of "Fidelio," with Vergnet and Rose Caron.

Berlin.

Over 40,000 marks has been subscribed for the Wagner monument.

There is a perceptible decrease this season in the number of American students at the Royal "Hochschule."

It would not be surprising to see Lillian Russell on the vaudeville stage after her return to the United States—that is, if she doesn't capture No. 4 over here—for the "Wintergarten," where she appears, is an establishment corresponding to Koster & Bial's, of New York.

Frau Prof. Nicklæss Kempner's class at Stern's Conservatory seems the Mecca for American vocal students in Berlin. Frau Kempner has been particularly happy in developing American talent. Potent proofs of this faculty exist in the persons of Miss Regina Newman, of San Francisco; Miss Mary Münchhoff, of Omaha, and Miss Estelle Liebling, of New York.

The Emperor has offered a prize—a valuable jewel—to be competed for annually by German singing societies. The conditions are that the choruses must sing an unpublished song, to be handed them one hour before the competition. The first contest is to take place in Cassel.

If many of the American piano students here

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SOPHIA

MARKEE

were to puzzle more over their Cramer, Bach and Czerny, and less over "draw," "follow" and "kiss" shots at billiards, it would be infinitely better for themselves and their parents.

Moriz Moszkowski is to play his new pianoforte concerto at an early Philharmonic concert, under Nikisch's direction.

Mr. O. B. Boise, the popular American pedagogue, has returned to town, prepared for a busier season than ever. His pupils have all been at work during the summer, and many new American compositions can be expected shortly.

Nice.

The chief event of the season here will be the bringing out, towards the end of January, at the Opéra, of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," with M. Cossira as Tristan and Mlle. Litvinne in the rôle of the heroine.

Leipsic.

Harry Field, a Canadian pianist, now a resident here, is to give a recital in Berlin next month, at which he will play a new sonata by Louis Campbell-Tipton, a young Chicago composer.

The composer, Theodore Gouvy, who died here recently, has bequeathed the sum of 10,000 marks to the Royal Academy of Arts in Berlin, the interest on which is to be applied annually in aid of some deserving musician in poor circumstances.

Wiesbaden.

Miss Mary Howe, the well-known American soprano, has been engaged at the Royal Opera in this city for the coming two years.

Munich.

"Heldenleben," or Hero Life, is the title of a symphonic work in four movements on which Richard Strauss is at present engaged in Munich.

Carlsruhe.

This city has but 70,000 inhabitants, yet during the past season it heard forty-seven operas and forty-nine plays. American papers please copy.

St. Petersburg.

A new grand symphony in C, by Balakireff, was produced with tremendous success. It will probably be done in London this season.

Charles Gregorowitsch, well-known to the New York concert-going public, has been appointed "Konzertmeister" of the royal orchestra and solo-violinist to His Majesty, the Czar. The two positions are worth about 5,000 dollars annually, and valuable presents from the nobility.

London.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie is said to be writing an opera on the subject of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth." It remains to be seen whether the English composer will treat the subject as effectively as Goldmark.

Queen Victoria has accepted the dedication of a book of songs which David Bispham hopes to publish next spring.

On the occasion of a recent concert at Windsor, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, presented Mme. Calvé with a superb bracelet, ornamented with the crown and royal monogram, in brilliants and pearls.

The demand for a permanent opera in London has now been modified to the desire that the County Council should furnish the funds for an opera house, to be owned and subsidized by the state and offered every year to the highest bidder.

Gustav Kerker, formerly leader at the Casino, New York, and composer of much popular light music, expects to settle here permanently.

October 8, Moriz Rosenthal opens his season in London, where he will appear at one of the Crystal Palace concerts. Other soloists at these concerts will be Thomson, Paderewski, Hollman, Clara Butt and De Pachmann.

Aldo Antonietti, the violinist, has just signed a contract with Mr. Henry Wolfsohn for a long tour in America, season of 1899-1900.

The time and place of Lillian Blauvelt's London début is October 31 in St. James Hall, at a Newman concert.

The Monday "Pops" have been discontinued. For years they were practically run by three old-fashioned musicians—Joachim, Piatti and Mme. Schumann, who stubbornly insisted upon music of the advanced schools. For thirty-one years the name of Liszt was never allowed on the programmes. This bigotry had much to do with the collapse of the concerts.

After Lillian Russell has finished her engagements in Germany she will go to Vienna, and from there she comes to London.

Lamoureux concerts in London this fall take place November 2, 16 and 30.

Florence.

A young American contralto, Miss Whitelaw, received first honors at the annual examination of the Instituto Musicale, getting 8½ out of a possible 9 marks.

Milan.

Mlle. Louise Gerard, known in New York as Mrs. Albert Gerard-Thiers, has made a contract with Rizzi, of this town, for prima donna rôles for the coming season, in Italy and Russia.

Verdi's "Home for Musicians" is completed. It occupies a pleasant building in the Piazza Michelangelo, and contains living rooms for sixty men and forty women, a concert hall, a chapel, an infirmary and two covered terraces.

Pesaro.

Mascagni's pupil, Sig. Vini Belucci, has produced at the Rossini Lyceum, a new opera depicting Bohemian life in Paris, in which the students and grisettes appear as usual, and one of the girls dies in a hospital attended by an old lover, who is a physician on the staff. The work was a success.

Rome.

A leading Roman journal says of our American singer, Lillian Blauvelt: "She is an American and 'una splendida figura di donna,' so much so that instead of her being a child of the free America she appears rather like a vision evoked by the creative fantasy of a Titian. Very youthful is Lillian Blauvelt, and gifted with a musical intelligence of rare value, having learned the Mass of Verdi within a very few days and singing like a nightingale with a voice of magical sweetness. Her singing pleased the audience so much that they rose to their feet to applaud her."

Manchester.

At this season's series of Hallé Concerts the novelties will be Verdi's "Stabat Mater" and E. Elgar's "King Olaf." Among the distinguished soloists who have been pledged are Paderewski, Joachim and Lady Hallé.

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I wonder how many American musicians know Géza Zichy?

Who is he?

The greatest one-handed pianist that ever lived, is Count Géza Zichy, of Budapesth.

Scion of a wealthy family, the young nobleman was allowed to indulge to the utmost his taste for music, which had early made itself apparent. Under the able guidance of Liszt and Robert Volkmann, he soon acquired remarkable proficiency.

No trifter, no vaunting dilettante was Zichy. With praiseworthy ambition he applied himself to the theoretical side of his art, nor did his studious ardor relax until he had thoroughly mastered the sciences of harmony and counterpoint.

Then came the tragedy of Count Zichy's life. Through the carelessness of a friend, he was shot in the arm while hunting.

The member had to be amputated.

Completely prostrated by his frightful accident, the poor young man hurried to Rome, where he sobbed out his agony on the breast of his friend and master, Liszt.

"Never despair," said the great pianist, "so long as you have one arm."

"But what can I do with one hand?" moaned Zichy.

"One hand is everything," replied Liszt. "I shall prove to you that a superior virtuoso can do that with one hand, for which others require two," and seating himself at the piano he played pieces by Tausig, Chopin, himself and finally a sonata by Beethoven—all with the left hand alone!

Count Zichy listened in growing astonishment. "Only Liszt, the master, can do that," he said sadly.

"The master—and you," replied Liszt.

Zichy shook his head incredulously, but the older artist only smiled and repeated one of the pieces he had played just before.

"Did you watch me closely?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the count, "but —"

"Do it," commanded Liszt, tersely, leading his pupil to the piano.

Zichy began timorously, but in a moment he appeared to grasp the principle. Then he became interested, gradually lost himself in the heat of technical mastery, and finally succeeded beyond his wildest expectation.

The young count seemed imbued with a new lease of life. He went to his country estate, buried himself in solitude, and spent whole days and nights in the cultivation of his technique, and in the arrangement of well-known compositions for his own peculiar use.

With the perseverance characteristic of genius, and aided considerably by his splendid musicianship, Zichy founded a new left-hand technic, a technic marvelously clever, but inordinately difficult.

Soon afterwards Count Géza Zichy made his bow as a pianist, to the public, and for some years he achieved ringing triumphs in Italy, Germany and Austria.

In Paris he became the sensation of the hour. He earned thousands of francs, every centime of which he turned over to charity. Count Zichy has never retained one penny of the money accumulated by his concerts.

On his return to Hungary, he was made *Intendant* of the Royal Opera in Budapesth. Last season he earned high honors in Berlin with his Hungarian fairy opera, which was produced at the express desire of Kaiser Wilhelm.

Count Géza Zichy is not a freak. Liszt was proud to call him "brother-artist."

Concert-pianists complain of the dearth of new music for their instrument.

Much is being published, more is being composed, but it is all of the kind that is forgotten before it was known.

Since Moszkowski's pen has become less fertile, nobody has arisen to take his place as a popular writer in the brief form of the "piano-piece."

Grieg is too fragmentary, too episodic; Brahms is yet on the "future" list (notwithstanding the passionate championship of certain fetish-worshippers), and Sinding appeals only to epicurean musical palates.

The latest compositions of the Neo-Russian school, introduced here by Siloti, are undeniably bizarre, but not readily comprehensible to an audience that prefers simplicity of melody to studied unconventionality of harmonies.

Why do foreign pianists accord our American composers so little consideration on their programmes?

McDowell, Foote, Bartlett, Mason, Gottschalk, Brandeis and Nevin have written much that should find a place on representative recital-programmes.

The foreign pianists who receive so much of our money might play some of our music.

Chopin nocturnes and Liszt rhapsodies are well enough in their way, but there is other music, newer music, that interests you and me, because it was written by our countrymen.

Old Ben Franklin said, "Too much of one thing is good for nothing," and the time is rapidly approaching when our audiences will have enough of the conventional concert programmes.

Even in their exclusiveness European pianists seem bigoted. It would seem as though Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt were the only composers who had written available piano music. Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Schubert and even Schumann are slowly fading from the pianist's concert-scheme.

MUSICAL AMERICA no longer pleads; it demands.

We wish to hear the pianists whom we pay, in compositions by American composers.

If those pianists do not belie their press notices, they are great artists, and if they are great artists, it matters not through the medium of what compositions they display their art.

How are our American composers to become "fashionable" unless their works be played by "fashionable" pianists?

If in the past no European virtuoso has ever had the tact, the grace or the courtesy to place his talents at the service of an "American" programme, it is unlikely that such a miracle would materialize in the future.

* * *

New piano works of merit are always dear to the hearts of publishers. The young American composers abroad might bend their energies in that direction occasionally, rather than evolve nothing but lengthy sonatas and quartets that awe their friends and frighten the publisher.

* * *

I wonder if critics and pianists ever realize what a wealth of two-edged remarks is contained in the technical vocabulary of musical criticism? What delightfully subtle sarcasm, for instance, can be cloaked in these phrases: "Mr. Slapbang played as only he can play." "Mr. Doublethirds had a fine house." "We have never heard anything like Miss Pinfinger's touch." "Mr. Soakem executed several pieces most effectively." "Under Miss Racem's nimble fingers the well-known piece was hardly to be recognized."

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PIANO AND FORTE.

The Misses Sutro have made their headquarters in Baltimore, their native city. They were pupils of Prof. Barth, in Berlin. It is interesting to know that Prof. Jedliczka, Barth's great rival in Berlin, is educating two other young American ensemble pianists, the Misses Soudheimer, of St. Louis, Mo., who are to make their European debut this fall.

Adele Lewing, the well-known piano virtuoso, recently played with success at Bad Neundorf, in Germany. Her partner on that occasion was Felix Meyer, concertmaster of the Royal Opera in Berlin.

Paolo Gallico, the excellent pianist and composer, has not been idle during the summer. In addition to augmenting his repertoire considerably, Mr. Gallico has written several interesting songs and piano pieces, all of which are to be published very shortly by G. Schirmer.

Edward A. MacDowell is to give a series of piano recitals in New York this season. It is to be hoped that he will also play his two concertos.

Baron Oscar von Lingke, one of the few noble pianists in America, died recently, aged 72, at his home in Penn Yan, Pa. The Baron had not appeared in public for many years.

Miss Jessie Shay has prepared extensive new programmes for her recitals this season. When the American public and managers have grown tired of imported pianists it is to such worthy and charming artists as Miss Shay that they will look in the first instance.

Richard Hoffman, the veteran pianist, hale and hearty as ever, has returned to New York. He expects to be unusually busy with concert work.

Miss Mildred Marsh, a young pianist who made a decidedly favorable impression at her debut last season, has decided to abandon the concert field for the stage. Mr. Richard Mansfield accidentally became cognizant of Miss Marsh's dramatic talent, and made the young pianist a liberal offer.

Mr. Ralph Burnham, long known as a very capable teacher, has decided to enter the ranks of the concert players. His debut will probably be made at an early Waldorf-Astoria concert, with Chopin's F minor concerto as his introducing work.

After Sauer's debut in the United States, we shall have heard all the "great" Liszt pupils with the exception of Alfred Reisenauer. There are those that rank him above all others. Reisenauer, of prodigious avoirdupois and scanty locks, is a living refutation of the popular belief that in order to play Chopin well, a pianist should be frail, wan and dank-haired. Few players possess Reisenauer's extreme refinement of touch.

Miss Bertha Visanska, the extremely talented American pianist, at present in Berlin, is to undertake a long tour throughout Germany and the Netherlands this fall. There seems hardly any doubt that the remarkable little lady will everywhere repeat her success of last winter.

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THE VIOLIN WORLD.

New York attracts many famous musicians to become permanent residents.

One of the latest arrivals with this purpose is Ovide Musin, the distinguished violinist.

After spending many years at the head of a famous itinerant concert company, whose tours extended as far as the Antipodes, M. Musin has decided to establish a violin school in this city.

The Musin Violin School has already begun operations successfully at No. 32 Union square.

It was there that M. Musin spoke of his plans and ideas.



Photo by Aimé Dupont.

*To my good and old friend
John C. Freund.
This is looking at you
With my hands in yours
Sept. 1898
Ovide Musin*

"It is my object," he said, "to have firmly established here in New York a violin school equal to any in Europe, and modeled after the world-renowned Royal Conservatory of Liège.

"I shall spend half of each year in New York, so that the students will get the benefit of my personal instruction. I shall be assisted by Maurice Leenders, who has been director of the violin school of Tournai, and who ranks as one of the greatest violinists of Belgium.

"The pupils will have to work out the daily studies, playing in unison, under my direction, such exercises as I give them. This plan works beautifully. It insures rapid progress, and no shirking. Thoroughness is to be one of the cardinal principles of the new school.

"There is a superabundance of latent musical talent and gifted young violinists in America. Never before have so many serious violin students been at work. There is a growing fondness for the instrument, and the number of pupils increases daily.

"I expect to make this school my great lifework, and to leave it as my monument when I die. The great number of young violinists who have already entered my school guarantees the realization of my ambition."

M. Musin related many interesting anecdotes of his extensive travels, and exhibited a costly and curious collection of souvenirs and presents.

Among the gifts were valuable tokens from the King and Queen of Siam and the Mikado of Japan.

On one of their recent tours, the Musin company covered nearly 40,000 miles. During that winter they gave over 200 concerts.

Recent applications for admittance to his school reached M. Musin from San Francisco, Portland, Ore., and Toronto, Canada.

M. Musin has something new to show and to teach.

M. Musin is welcome in New York.

Violin Notes.

Henry Schrädick, the well-known pedagogue, has accepted the position of head of the violin department at the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, Philadelphia. This should mean a distinct gain to that excellent institution.

Sigmund Deutsch, the violin instructor, formerly connected with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has resumed his studio work in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Deutsch has formed a class in string orchestra work which will give several concerts this season.

Mr. Max Karger, the brilliant young violinist who made his debut in New York two seasons ago, under Seidl, has just signed a contract with the manager of the Permanent Orchestra, for twenty-five appearances with that organization. Mr. Karger has also made extensive engagements in the South and in Canada.

Mr. Bernard Sinsheimer, the popular teacher and virtuoso, is to be heard at one of the Waldorf-Astoria concerts early in the season. Through his long association with such eminent artists as Joachim, Léonard, Isaye, Gregorowitsch and Sauret, Mr. Sinsheimer is in a position to say something authoritative on his instrument. He has chosen as his opening number, Wieniawski's concerto in D minor.

Miss Leonora Jackson, the young American violinist who has reaped such eminent success abroad, will, in all probability, be heard in the United States this season.

At Victor Flechter's famous violin emporium on Union square there can be seen an excellent photograph of the Jos. Guarnerius Del Jesu fiddle, "Le Duc," said to be the finest instrument in the world. It was formerly the property of Nicolini, who sold it to Hart, of London, for \$7,500.

Henri Ern, the excellent violinist, has this summer added to his many original compositions two exquisite works for violin, an "Elégie" and "Scène Lyrique." Mr. Ern has come into prominent notice as a composer through his mazurka for violin, and "Still, Still" and "Du bist wie eine Blume," for voice.

V. O'LYNN.



Mme. Sembrich has gone to Bayreuth for awhile, in order to study the rôle of Eva with the autocratic mistress of Wahnfried. Sembrich singing Wagner! As the "Evening Sun" aptly remarks: "All musical roads now lead to Bayreuth."

Mme. Johanna Gadske seems to be imbued with the spirit that impels to superior artistic achievements. In a recent interview, she said: "Of course I'm glad to be back in New York. This season I shall sing opera in Italian, for the first time. My ignorance of that language has always been a source of regret to me. It debarred me from singing in many beautiful operas. Besides, I wanted to know the language for its own sake. So I determined to study at the first opportunity. You know, I believe firmly there is no standing still in the life of a singer. What new rôles did I study? Valentine, in 'The Huguenots,' and Aïda, two rôles I have never essayed, and the Countess in 'The Marriage of Figaro,' which I have sung in German."

Cecile Lorraine, the young American prima donna, who sang the soprano part in the Marquis of Lorne's opera at a performance before the Queen of England last May, arrived Wednesday on the Teutonic. The young soprano will make her New York debut in the Metropolitan Opera House October 18 in the Bismarck Memorial Concert arranged by the United Singing Societies.

F. Van Rensselaer Bunn, the well-known Western tenor, has placed himself under the management of the W. W. Thomas Musical Agency, 301-2-3 Carnegie Hall. Besides being engaged for the opening of the new music hall in Bloomington, Ill., in November, Mr. Bunn is booked for a number of musicales.

Mr. Lewis Williams, the baritone, will be under the exclusive direction of Mr. Remington Squire. Mr. Williams, who as a member of the Nordica Company met with success last season, is already booked for several oratorio and concert engagements.

Miss Shannah Cummings has returned from an extensive summer tour on the Pacific coast, where she was accorded a warm welcome. Miss Cummings is another of Mr. Remington Squire's strong cards for the new season.

On October 1 Miss Mary Louise Clary left New York for a tour of over one hundred concerts with the Redpath Concert Company. During the holidays Miss Clary will fill important oratorio engagements.



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THE SONG OF THE SERAPH.

DEAR FREUND:—I am very glad to stretch my wings again in the free, pure, open air of your editorship, where one may sing the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, without fear or favor, untrammelled by personal prejudices and undeterred by the dictation of advertising agents.

The public appreciate editorial honesty and impartiality as much as the writers do, and this may be added to the many other reasons why a great success is predicted for your new paper.

We have had a "Cyranó" week; everybody has been talking, writing, thinking "De Bergerac." Mansfield opened the French campaign at the Garden Theater; but for weeks every low comedian has stuck a big nose upon himself, forgetting that *Cyranó* was not a hero because of his nose, but in spite of it.

Even before Mansfield began his rehearsals, Manager Brady, of the Manhattan, announced that he would put half a dozen "De Bergerac" companies on the road if the play were successful at the Garden.

Another manager of the same nationality and moral calibre produced an hermaphrodite *Cyranó* at Philadelphia, the play being twisted about so as to make *Roxane* the principal character. This is as if you were to take "Hamlet" and unfairly give to the fair *Ophelia* all *Hamlet's* best lines and situations.

The trouble is that, like most Frenchmen, the author of "Cyranó" had never heard of America, except as a geographical fact, and therefore neglected to copyright his play here. By printing it in Paris without this copyright he made it natural game for all adventurers.

Mansfield was informed of this neglect by Miss Marbury, the representative of the French dramatists; but he said promptly, "I cannot consent to do the play without paying for it, and I do not believe that any American manager will interfere with my rights."

You see that Mansfield had too exalted an opinion of the conscientiousness of some managers.

One of them undertook to argue out the matter with me. "See here," he exclaimed; "if you threw down a pocketbook full of money in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, could you reasonably expect that none of the crowd of passers-by would pick it up and walk off with it?"

"No!" I replied; "but if an honest man picked up my property I should expect him to return it when I advertised my loss."

"Oh, that's a very different affair!" exclaimed the argumentative manager.

But before losing ourselves in the moralities and immoralities of "Cyranó," let us begin our flight by taking a bird's eye view up to this date of the season, which began early, in very hot weather, and has thus far been rather promising than profitable.

Of the thirty-five places of amusement open in this borough eighteen are devoted to vaudeville in its various forms, some straight, some continuous, some with a little farcicality on the side. That tells the story. More than half our theaters are variety shows. But, then, on the other hand, more than half of our variety shows are really theaters.

"The Charlatan," music by Sousa, fun by De Wolf Hopper, was killed by being produced on a hot night before an audience who were so uncomfortably warm that nothing could please them. It is to be taken away, after this week, to make room for Viola Allen, in "The Christian." I think this a wise and Fabian retreat. "The Charlatan" will probably be a success in Boston, and can then be brought back with all the honors.

"Hotel Topsy Turvy," produced on Monday at the Herald Square; "A Runaway Girl," at the Daly, and "Yankee Doodle Dandy," at the Casino are called comic operas or musical comedies, just as you please. Vaudevilles, the French name for comedies with songs, has been pre-empted by the variety houses. "A Day and A Night," by Charles Hoyt, at the Garrick, is a variety show in a farcical frame. But the frame is well gilded. A better first Act has seldom been devised.

Sothorn opened the new season at the Lyceum with "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope. At first the play wilted in the hot weather; the Saturday matinee had to be canceled. Now it is filling the theater at eight performances a week. Everybody is going to see it, and I hint that the Thursday matinee—the only Thursday matinee at the theaters—offers the best choice of seats.

In this pretty play Sothorn chivalrously gives the *pas* to his wife, Virginia Harned, an actress who has never before been appreciated as she deserves.

After two weeks of William Gillette in his own plays, John Drew has returned to the Empire and produced "The Liars," a new comedy by Henry Arthur Jones. Writing such plays is as easy as lying. First, you take the title of one of the old comedies, as Jones took and pluralized "The Liar," in which Charles Mathews used to appear. Then you take a dissatisfied young wife, who goes to dine at a riverside inn with the man with whom she is flirting. Then all her friends tell lies to prevent her from being compromised. There is your modern comedy.

But where is the part for John Drew? I forgot to say that you also take from the French stage the well-known character of the friend of the family or the family doctor and let him mollify the jealous husband. That is John Drew's part, and he plays it very well. But should he be detained at dinner, any evening, the part is so familiar to the stage that it would play itself.

"The Liars" is beautifully produced at the Empire; the dresses of Isabelle Irving and Bessie Tyree are much admired by the women; what is supposed to be the tone of English society is well preserved; the theater is crowded, and the Wednesday matinees have been resumed.

Charles Coghlan has been playing "The Royal Box" for several weeks at the Fifth Avenue; but this is his last night. He is to be followed by a Jefferson revival of "The Rivals," with Sheridan many miles away, as William Warren used to remark.

Several of the leading and representative actors of America, young and old, are thus grouped in New York and give interest to a season that promises to be exceptionally brilliant, though we may have no great foreign star.

Willard writes me from his home at Buff House, Banstead: "In spite of my having so improved in health that I find it difficult to follow my doctor's advice, I am cautioned that, were I to attempt an American tour, I should certainly break down in a few weeks. So I have canceled my dates for this season. Probably I shall spend the winter in

Italy. In the spring I may possibly produce in London the new play that I hope to introduce to America in 1899."

There is much disappointment, in and out of the profession, at Willard's absence; but typhus fever always leaves some dangerous corollary.

H. Reeves-Smith, who is playing the double part in "The Two Partridges," at the Madison Square (formerly Hoyt's), is thus the only English actor among us—unless the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain be his rival. "The Two Partridges" is a thoroughly British farce, full of homely and pleasant humor, and Mr. Reeves-Smith acts it so naturally and artistically that you overlook the difficulties of the quick changes of character without the assistance of a change of make-up and costume.

But England is also to the fore at the Academy of Music, where "Sporting Life" is all English, you know, with racing scenes and real horses, boxing scenes and real boxers. The production, like "Lady Jane," is massive. On a Saturday night you might think yourself in Drury Lane, London.

So, at the Manhattan Theater, you might think yourself in Paris while viewing "The Turtle." The sensation scene in this French farce represents a wife undressing herself and going to bed. No detail is omitted. But nothing happens afterwards, and so the police authorities do not interfere, as they did with "Orange Blossoms."

As for me, I defer to the police authorities.

SERAPH.



King Humbert of Italy has issued a decree providing that henceforth the Milan Conservatory be known as the *Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi*.

The king's graceful homage recalls the story of Verdi's initial reception at the institution now bearing his name.

In 1832 a very young man presented himself as candidate for admission to the famous school.

The august jury, composed of professors whose names are to-day not even a memory, rejected the young composer, and next his name they placed this memorable, perspicacious criticism:

"Possessed of absolutely no musical imagination!"

In offering his tribute to Verdi, does the son of "Il Re Galantuomo" bear in mind the tradition that much of Verdi's early popularity was said to be due to the accident which made his name an anagram of the title "Vittorio Emanuele Re D'Italia" in days when that title represented a national aspiration? So the story runs.

What subtle affinity is there between music and zoology?

We hear of De Reszke and his horses, Calvé and her chickens, Sieveking and his dog, Patti and her parrots.

And now the London "Figaro" tells us that at the present time Paderewski is chiefly interested in some Scotch cattle which he has sent over to his Polish estate for breeding purposes.

Mrs. Gush: "I wonder if little Willie will develop into a musician?"

Prof. Pounderewski: "Does he memorize easily?"

Mrs. Gush: "He never forgets a tune he has once heard."

Prof. Pounderewski: "Then he will certainly become a great composer."

Zangwill, the clever Englishman, says that artists wear their hair long for the same reason that they wear their hats long, a long, long time.



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FIRST PRINCIPLES.

It is a time-honored custom—more honored in the breach than in the observance—whenever a new paper appears, for the editor to concoct a circular, filled with brilliant promise of great things to come and designed to make it clear that the venture is "to fill a long felt want."

For once the hackneyed phrase may be used with truth.

There has long been need of a bright, able and, above all, "clean" musical newspaper in this country, and this need has been felt, in spite of the fact that there are already a number of papers in the field of more or less merit. Unfortunately some have so confined themselves to certain specialties as to seriously limit their sphere, some have been too heavy or too local, while others have aroused bitter resentment by reason of their methods.

This has caused a lack of interest in musical papers or created a prejudice against them.

The editor of MUSICAL AMERICA admits the existence of this condition of affairs, and, in an article published elsewhere in this issue, has endeavored to map out the general scope of the newspaper and to indicate the lines upon which it hopes to attain success.

Here he feels called upon to define the principles upon which the paper will be run, as a business venture.

He is profoundly convinced, as are all those associated with him, that no paper can be permanently established in the musical world, unless its

readers are thoroughly satisfied that it is conducted with honesty as well as with ability.

Some ephemeral success, perhaps even considerable money, may have been gained in the past by musical papers run "for revenue only," but such sheets can never secure any lasting hold on the musical community.

To this declaration of their convictions the publishers of MUSICAL AMERICA need add nothing beyond the pledge that the artistic and business departments of the paper will be kept separate, that all criticism will be made "on the merits" and that, while this is a business enterprise, it will depend upon those legitimate sources of income which a newspaper can fairly exploit and still retain its self-respect.

JOHN C. FREUND.

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Music, in contrast to the other fine arts, invites constant and even radical changes on both its constructive and æsthetic sides. Without further investigation as to the causes of the conservatism of one art, and the constantly-changing conditions of others, a glance may be cast upon musical art which will reveal the fact of its compound nature.

The main principles of a musical composition are melody, harmony and instrumentation. In melody we at once recognize the expression of nature, while in harmony certain limitations appear based upon rules that lie within the domain of science. Instrumentation lends color to the composition, just as the brush of the painter enhances the beauty of a sketch, imparting hues that must charm the eye.

In music, therefore, we perceive at once the primitive, the scientific, and, finally, an advanced state of culture.

It was this that influenced Peri, an Italian, in 1600, to write an opera, called "Euridice," wherein he laid special stress upon the instrumentation that accompanied his songs, and it is generally accepted that this was the foundation of an operatic composition which should call into its service the power of the orchestra. The composition of his orchestra was as follows: a harpsichord, a chitarone, a lira grande or viol di gamba, a theorbo or large lute and three flutes.

Claudio Monteverde, at the same time, still further enlarged his orchestra, adding to the instruments used by Peri the double bass, viola, harp, violin, organo di Legno (a wood and straw instrument), the gamba, trombone, regal, cornet (similar to an oboe) and trumpet.

Instruments whose strings were plucked remained in use in the orchestra until the advent of Bach, who gave predominance to stringed instruments vibrated by means of the bow. Bach's orchestra consisted mainly of such instruments as the harpsichord, violin, viola, 'cello, viol di gamba, double bass, horns, oboes, fagottos, flutes and trumpets.

The same instrumentation was also used by Handel.

It was, however, left to Haydn, who is called the father of the modern orchestra, to still further develop the orchestra. He looked to the stringed instruments as the foundation of his orchestra, to which he added flutes, oboes, bassoons, trumpets and kettledrums. Mozart added the clarinet and trombone. In Beethoven's orchestra greater prominence was given to wind instruments, these appearing as solo instruments.

Weber, Spontini, Meyerbeer bring forth wonderful tonal effects through a combination of these instruments, which finds in Berlioz its culmination. Berlioz discovers, more than any of his predecessors, the magic power that lies within each instrument when used skilfully, and he therefore calls into his service every conceivable instrument that appears to him capable of musical expression. He increases the number of the then existing instruments, both wind and brass, and assigns such im-

portant parts to the players of that class of instruments as call for superior virtuosity.

Richard Wagner follows closely in the footsteps of Berlioz. His brilliant instrumentation, with the Berlioz orchestra, opens a new era for the lyric drama, and so far serves to draw the closest bond between song and the instrument.

To judge by the foregoing, the orchestra from the time of Peri, in 1600, to that of Wagner, about two hundred and fifty years later, has passed through a phenomenal process of improvement, and it is supposed that with Wagner's tone coloring enough has been achieved. This, however, is not the case. There is still a gap to be filled to further increase the power of that wonderful art work called "the orchestra."

The additions should include a small violin, about half the size of the present one, which would enable the first violinist to execute with greater ease such octave passages as are now assigned to him, which lie, now, in the high position of his fingerboard, and which require special technical ability to perform; also, a violin of larger dimensions than the present one, for parts given to the second violin; a viola of larger size than the present one, or a viol di gamba, with its soft and mellow tone quality; a bass of a larger size than the 'cello, but somewhat smaller than the double bass, to produce the tone color of the Bourdon stop of the organ; a set of organ pipes, generally called the sub-bass, and played with a keyboard, for the purpose of giving solidity to the double bass; a dulcimer, for percussion effects; a diminutive piano strung with catgut strings to produce a good pizzicato, taking the place of the present wretched picking of the strings with the fingers; a harpsichord, a soft-toned trumpet, a lute or mandolin, and a quartet of kettledrums.

Such a combination of instruments would fully enable the composer of the twentieth century to give expression to his work—a work which can be rendered only by the inexpressible tone of an aggregation of musical instruments.

MORRIS STEINERT.

A Great Contralto.—Ernestine Schumann-Heink is among Mr. Grau's forces for his grand opera season. She enjoys the reputation of possessing the most beautiful contralto voice in existence. It seems, however, that she is not blessed with beauty of face. When she appeared as Carmen at the Berlin Opera House recently, the critics of the German capital were not at all pleased with her performance, and they are probably not at fault, as they intimate that Mrs. Schumann-Heink tried to almost burlesque the character of the gipsy-cigarette girl.

This criticism is not in accordance with the autograph which the singer received from Gustav Mahler, the Vienna court conductor. It reads:

"Jedes Fach ist ihr egal,
In allem ist sie genial,
Ja sogar noch genialer:
Dies begläubigt—Gustav Mahler."

Glad to receive the new paper. Wish it success.
—Eugene Stebinger, Portland, Ore.

Of course I am interested in the new paper. Congratulate you on your return.—W. Nicholson, Corning, N. Y.

Heard many favorable comments here on the new enterprise. Also wish it success.—Frances G. Weller, Peoria, Ill.

Mr. John C. Freund's name is sufficient guarantee for the contents and subsequent success of the new paper. I wish him the greatest possible success.—Emil Liebling, Chicago.

Congratulate you on the new move which will be of benefit to music and art. Field for a good journal of this kind, and edited by Mr. John C. Freund, it will be in good hands.—Wulschner & Son, Indianapolis.

THE TRANSLATION OF WALTER DAMROSCH.

Before that dark day last March when the musical world was saddened and shocked by the death of Anton Seidl, there had been a strong movement among patrons of music in New York to bring about a permanent orchestra with Seidl at its head. When all efforts were brought to a standstill last March by the deplorable news of Seidl's sudden death, Walter Damrosch, who was looked upon by not a few as a possible successor to Anton Seidl, dropped out of the race entirely. He resigned his position as conductor of the Symphony Society as well as of the Oratorio Society, and declared he would not conduct at all in New York next season, but would devote all his leisure time to composition.

While it does not appear very plausible that a young and ambitious artist like Walter Damrosch should step into the background at the very moment when an unexpected vacancy offers him a great opportunity, nobody has any reason to doubt his sincerity and suspect any trick at the bottom of his unexpected resignation. If he chooses to compose instead of conducting an orchestra, it is certainly nobody's business but his own. To say that his predilection for composing is to be traced back to the moment when Emil Paur was elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society is an assertion as arbitrary as it is unfair. Walter Damrosch is without any doubt a very level-headed man and has, most likely, more substantial reasons for his decision. He has made a good deal of money with the Ellis-Damrosch Opera Company, and while it might have dawned upon him that to be the successful manager and conductor of a traveling opera company should not be the highest aim of his life, he has perhaps found out that it was not the proper time yet to switch off. Besides, it is worth while for every artist who can afford it to sacrifice a whole year of questionable success in public to test his own productive capacity in perfect seclusion.

Everybody who knows Walter Damrosch knows without further assurance that he will be alert every minute of his year of retirement. That the orchestral situation in New York is fast approaching a state of crisis, nobody probably knows better than he himself. Indeed, by resigning the position as conductor of the Symphony Society he has quickened the approach of this crisis.

There is not a single musician in all New York who can boast of a permanent engagement with guaranteed income enough to secure bread and butter for at least a year. No, to find such fortunate orchestral players we have to go to Boston. And this horrible uncertainty must gradually ruin all artistic ambition among the musicians.

Whether the coming season will bring relief remains to be seen. To hope that New York will suddenly be blessed with another Colonel Higginson would be almost absurd, and so the only relief must be expected from the public itself.

AUGUST SPANUTH.

Mr. John C. Freund has had no successor since he withdrew from the field of musical journalism. All hail! May the fates conspire in his behalf.—Warren Davenport, Boston, Mass.

If Mr. Freund can establish a clean and wholesome musical journal, he will be able to count on the support of the profession. I wish him success.—R. Huntington Woodman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IS THE STAGE LOSING ITS HOLD?

Riding uptown in an open Broadway car there swung into the seat beside me a man I had known in my actor days.

Jacob Tannenbaum! popular through the South for two decades as musician and manager. A little grayer with the added years.

We exchanged worries and woes.

His plaint! There was no more money for the manager in the theatrical business. Manager! better call him "Janitor," and a poorly paid one at that.

We discussed the drama.

The day of "the dollar show" of the medium class of attractions was over. It was only the strongest stars or plays that had made a great metropolitan success that could draw a good house. For the rest, the people went to the vaudeville houses. It was \$2.00 for a seat or 25 cents.

Thus we came to discuss the popular taste.

Was the stage losing its hold on the public?

I answered, "Yes," and "No."

My reasons?

As people get more cultured, as they gain in intelligence, they stand less in need of being amused. They learn to amuse themselves, and the social life at home grows in charm.

The business man seeks relief and rest in a suburban home. Here he has more comfort and can rear a family more happily and more healthfully than under the expensive limitations of a crowded city.

This class has not lost its love for the drama, but it has outgrown the majority of the plays that are given.

Those who go to the vaudeville shows never went to the theater in former years, except at rare intervals. They could not afford an orchestra seat and they disdained the gallery.

The vaudeville theaters have, therefore, created a new public. They have not seduced away the clientele of the old playhouses.

This new public is drawn from the mass of wage-earners, who are coming into the market for amusement and recreation, just as they are coming into the market for pianos and organs, for clocks and carpets; for comforts of all kinds.

To-day the mechanic demands his share of the luxuries as well as the millionaire.

The man who makes recreation "cheap" is as great a benefactor as the man who, by a combination of capital, business ability and inventive power, brings watches or wall paper, parlor furniture or pictures, a baby carriage or a glass a wine, within the purchasing power of the mass.

Then the future of art, of the drama, as well as of industry, is the purely commercial?

Indeed not!

The chromo has not killed the artist in oils, nor has the commercial clothier killed the custom-tailor.

The "cheap" thing is not a degradation but a pioneer, an educator of taste, a step towards the beautiful and the artistic.

What is happening in the theatrical world is that it is gradually yielding to influences that, in every industry, are dividing human effort into two great classes: the artistic and the commercial.

The theatrical manager, if he is a good business man, will, therefore, offer either an attraction that will draw those who are willing to pay for what is artistic, or he will cater to the great mass who can only afford a limited sum for recreation.

To the first class "The Little Minister" will appeal more strongly than "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," just as "The Old Homestead" or "Way Down East" will appeal more strongly to the mass than "The Lady of Lyons" with a mediocre cast.

I have made no allusion in this argument to what is known as "Society."

As it is said that there are only "400" who are "in society," their number is too small to affect the question; besides which, the nature of the entertainments given at their homes shows that great wealth or an ancient name does not necessarily imply the possession of a cultivated taste.

JOHN C. FREUND.

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

Pleased to be among your subscribers.—Max Bachert, N. Y.

Consider me one of your first subscribers.—Victor Herbert, New York.

Best wishes for the new publication.—C. Fred Crosby, Worcester, Mass.

Note the arrival of the new paper with pleasure.—J. Sidenbitel, Dallas, Tex.

Put me down as a subscriber to the new paper.—Xaver Scharwenka, New York.

Shall uphold the new paper to the best of my influence.—Joseph Durel, New Orleans.

I hail with pleasure the advent of the new paper. It is opportune.—Morris Steinert, New Haven.

Ought to pay from the start. Put me down as a subscriber.—William Vanamee, Newburgh, N. Y.

Such a publication as you propose is needed.—C. M. Hyskell, Pres. Democrat Co., Burlington, Ia.

The field is ripe for a first-class music journal. Wish you success.—Edward S. Holaday, Pittsburg.

A good paper will be hailed with delight by all music-loving people.—Fred Kann, Jacksonville, Fla.

Sincerest congratulations and best wishes for the new paper.—Mrs. P. Karl Formes, San Francisco, Cal.

Sure to make a success under the editorship of Mr. John C. Freund.—Charles Fletcher Scott, Chicago, Ill.

If I can help your new paper in this city, will do so with the greatest pleasure.—A. Slomosky, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mr. John C. Freund's announcement of a new musical paper is welcome news.—Mme. Clara Brinckerhoff, N. Y.

Disappointed when I missed a number of your old paper. Best wishes for the enterprise.—I. W. Harris, Louisville Post.

Musicians here will give the new paper every possible encouragement. Count on me as a subscriber.—Carl Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo.

Your new paper will prove an infinite delight to those who can appreciate really capable editorship. Wish you every success.—Wm. Hanrahan, Providence, R. I.

A strong, comprehensive and clean musical journal is assured of the support of all the best musicians as well as amateurs of the country.—Mary Wood Chase, Chicago.

Delighted to receive the announcement regarding a new musical journal. The whole musical profession will be sure to extend its hearty support.—Samuel Richards Gaines, Detroit.

Best wishes for the success of the undertaking. Always greatly admired Mr. John C. Freund for his literary ability and remarkable skill as a brilliant writer.—Dr. Ernst Eberhard, New York.

There is great need of a bright, able, and particularly of a "clean" paper in the musical world. No paper has replaced the "American Musician," nor could one be edited by anyone more able than Mr. John Freund.—Mme. Emma Roderick, N. Y.



The Oratorio Society, which Frank Damrosch will conduct this season, began rehearsals last week. Except for the regular Christmastide performances of "The Messiah," afternoon concerts will be omitted; a timely move, as it has proved nearly impossible to get enough of the men members on these occasions to balance the parts.

At the first concert will be sung the chorale from "Die Meistersinger," the CXXXVIIth Psalm, by Hermann Goetz, and a "Manila Te Deum" by Walter Damrosch. At the third concert will be sung Berlioz's "Requiem."

The directors of the New York Philharmonic Society have issued the prospectus for their fifty-seventh season. There will be eight concerts on Saturday evenings, and the same number of public rehearsals on the Friday afternoons immediately preceding. The dates are as follows: November 4 and 5, and 25 and 26, December 16 and 17, January 13 and 14, February 3 and 4, February 24 and 25, March 17 and 18, and April 7 and 8. The solo performers who will take part are, in the order of their appearance, Adele Aus Der Ohe, pianist; Johanna Galski, soprano; Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto; Willy Burmester, violin; Emil Sauer, pianoforte, and Teresa Carreño, pianoforte.

The season of 1897-98 was the most successful financially that the New York Philharmonic Society has ever known, the earnings averaging about \$380 apiece to the members.

The Cecilia Club, of Boston, will bring out a new "Te Deum" by Verdi the coming season, and also his "Stabat Mater," these being his two latest works. The concerts will be given December 7, January 26, March 15 and April 27.

A new choral society has been formed in Peekskill, N. Y., under the direction of C. B. Rutenber, of New York. The membership already numbers 60.

Chickering and Sons' Madrigals.—Three Invitation Musicales will be given at Chickering Hall, New York, by Messrs. Chickering & Sons, Tuesday afternoons, December 6, February 7 and April 4. The programmes will be rendered by the Madrigal Singers, assisted by eminent piano soloists. The Madrigal Singers will be under the direction of Mr. Frank Taft.

Grand Opera at the Casino.—The Royal Italian Grand Opera Company, which was received so very favorably last season by the public and press of New York, is to open its season Monday night at the Casino. The company has retained the principals of last season and has added some new members, of whom much is predicted. The chief operas of the repertoire will be "Manon Lescaut" and "La Bohème." Coming before the rush of the regular season, the Italian organization should be signally successful.

Gertrude May Stein's Success.—Miss Gertrude May Stein made a decided hit at the Worcester Festival in an air from Berlioz's "Les Troyens." She received especial praise in the letters of several correspondents of leading New York papers.

Perugini to Marry.—Not to be outdone by his former wife, Lillian Russell, Signor Perugini has given cause for the rumor that he is to remarry. The fortunate object of the Signor's devotion is a rich widow from the West.

Lilli Lehmann to Return.—It is rumored that Lilli Lehmann may come to America this season for a series of fifty song recitals.

THE TEACHERS.

Emil Liebling, the new director of Music at the Milwaukee Downer College, gave an interesting lecture on "Elements of Technic," supplemented by a recital. Being an interesting speaker and an excellent pianist, Mr. Liebling's visit was of great educational value to Milwaukee.

The Scharwenka Conservatory resumed its courses on October 1 under the exceptionally able management of Emil Gramm. This year the faculty embraces such distinguished musicians as Xaver Scharwenka, Alfred Veit, Victor A. Benham, Emil Gramm, Bruno O. Klein, Richard Arnold, Will McFarlane, Mrs. Marie Gramm, Dr. Carl Martin, C. Banck, Leo Taussig, Gustav Saenger and others.

Emilio Belari has just added to his residence a beautiful music room forty-four feet long, connected by sliding doors with his drawing room, twenty-eight feet long. He has done this on account of the great advantage to pupils whose voices are educated in and accustomed to the use of a large room.

Mme. Emma Roderick will give an interesting series of musicales with her pupils this season in Mr. Belari's new music room. She has several very talented pupils to present.

Harold Randolph, the newly-elected director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, succeeding Prof. A. Hamerik, who recently resigned, has been spending the summer in Europe with the view of studying foreign conservatory systems and thus improving his own.

The Lachmund Conservatory of Music, of 132 West Eighty-fifth street, New York, has just opened for the season with a long list of pupils. The faculty now numbers fourteen teachers of merit. The regular pupils' monthly recitals will be continued this year.

Charles Moerenhout, the violinist, has been engaged as violin instructor by Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, president of the National Conservatory of Music of America. Mr. Moerenhout is a graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, where he was the favorite pupil of Mr. Ysaye.

Hans Kronold, the 'cellist, has just started a class in orchestra work at his studio, 132 East Forty-seventh street, New York city. It will include instruction in violin, viola, 'cello and bass viol.

Mme. Helene Maigille has reopened her studio at 6 East Seventeenth street, and present indications point to a very successful season. Two of Mme. Maigille's pupils, Miss Isabelle Davis Carter and Miss Mary Alcock, sang in Paris recently, at a concert given by Mme. Laborde. Both young ladies received warm praise. On Tuesday, October 11, Mme. Maigille's advanced students are to give a song-recital.

Sig. Arturo Buzzi-Peccia, an Italian composer and vocal teacher from Milan, has been added to the faculty of Dr. F. Ziegfeld's Chicago Musical College. He will take up his class work this month.

The Froehlich School of Music, at 2117 Madison avenue, has begun the work of its fall term with a large and enthusiastic class of students.

LATEST NEWS.

Mysterious Singer Ill.—Elise Morel, twenty-eight years old, said to be a grand opera singer of international fame, was taken from No. 43 West Nineteenth street to the New York Hospital on Wednesday evening, suffering with prostration, due to "galloping consumption." At the hospital, and at the singer's boarding house, all information about the case was refused. It was learned, however, that "Morel" is the woman's family name, and that her professional name is known on both sides of the ocean.

Patti Not to Marry Persse.—The very latest news regarding Patti's marriage is contained in a despatch to the London correspondent of the New York "World." The singer telegraphed: "In reply to yours, I beg to inform you that the report that I am affianced to Mr. Jocelyn Persse is absolutely unfounded."

Prof. Ehrlich Retires.—The noted pianoforte instructor and *litterateur*, Prof. Heinrich Ehrlich, has resigned his position in the piano department of the Stern Conservatory, in Berlin, owing to failing health. Prof. Jedliczka will succeed Prof. Ehrlich.

Hegner's Violoncello Concerto.—In December, Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel, Leipzig, will publish a new concerto by Anton Hegner, the well-known violoncellist of this city. The composer expects to play his work here during the season.

Terry and Irving Coming.—Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have again joined dramatic forces, after a summer's separation. During the winter they will come to America for an extensive tour.

Remenyi's Collection.—The late Edouard Remenyi's famous collection of violins and bows will be on exhibition and sale at Victor S. Flechter's Studio, 23 Union square, New York city.

New Musical Directory.—Mr. J. T. Cowdery, well known in the publishing world, will get out on December 1 the most complete music directory and Musician's register ever published in the city of New York.

AN EMBRYO ARTIST.



Lady Caller: "I hear your little son is going to be a musician!"

Fond Mother: "We haven't got any teacher for him yet. For the present we are just letting his hair grow."

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THE POTENCY OF THE ORGAN.

"And swelling organs lift the rising soul."

—POPE.

Whatever appeals to human nature, and therefore interests mankind, affects all art.

Whatever each individual art accomplishes affects in return all other arts and has, eventually, its reflex influence upon the world in general.

A hundred years before Plato, Confucius said: "Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed—if its manners be bad or good? examine the music it practises."

The organ has always stood for the highest in art.

For many centuries it has been associated with the noblest ideals, the purest aspirations and the grandest surroundings.

The very rudiments of vocal and instrumental composition were not only inspired by the organ, but were cultivated and fostered by the writers for, and performers on that instrument before the time of the popularity of the violin.

The place and influence of the organ in the past history of music has been all-powerful; its capacity for future effectiveness is most potent.

An instrument which is capable of speaking to us in the soft whisperings of prayer, or of arousing us by its grandeur to the full majesty of worship must always remain a great factor in the formation of the world's character.

To be able to control such a power, and to make proper use of its influence, is to play upon the hearts and souls of men.

The organist then, apart from his art, is endowed with a sacred trust. He is a privileged character, a high commissioned officer in the army of musicians.

He is associated with good influences, he breathes a pure atmosphere, he should naturally grow in thought and strength, and he must necessarily become a great power for good or evil. In addition to this he usually stands high as an intellectual personality, as a creative artist, as a leader of musical forces, as an excellent performer. In a word, he represents among musicians the highest type of a general education which is demanded by the duties and dignity of his position.

Already much has been done by this class of men in helping by their free efforts to make organ playing an intelligible power and factor in the economy of music.

It is noteworthy that in this free dispensation of music the organists stand almost alone.

The organist of to-day is a distinct advance on the organist of several years ago, not only in character and musical ability, but in general equipment. Moreover, he represents not only as an individual, but as one of a class, the type of man whose duty it is to present to the world music in its purest forms, and also he stands for that which is the most potent factor in the preservation of our art, namely, character and sincerity of purpose.

The interest which has of late been evinced in organ playing, the notable organ works which have been written within the last few years, the prodigious advance in the construction of the organ itself, and the marked improvement in the status of organists in general, point to a new era in the history of this branch of musical art.

In none of these directions has this country remained behind, and in several it has been the controlling suggestive force which has brought about this state of affairs.

It is perhaps well that as a nation we should be at first diffident regarding our powers, but once

encouraged and stimulated by belief in ourselves, there is no people upon the face of the earth to whom belong such magnificent possibilities.

While honoring others, let us also not forget to honor ourselves.

GERRIT SMITH.

ORGAN NOTES.

Then let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below.

—MILTON.

Here beginneth the first chapter of MUSICAL AMERICA on the church choirs of Greater New York and vicinity; together with divers, random and sundry items, scraps and jottings of a friendly nature concerning the important individuals who go to make up the aforesaid ecclesiastical indispensables.

When church-going folk form other parts of the country find themselves in New York over Sunday, they naturally make inquiries as to where the best music can be heard. If they appreciate the beauties of fine quartet singing, preferring it to mere volume of sound, ten chances to one they will wend their way to the West Presbyterian Church, where they will hear P. A. Schneckner play the organ, and where the choir consists of Mrs. Shannah Cummings Jones, Mrs. Carl Alves, William H. Rieger and Ericsson F. Bushnell. Incidentally, they will also hear a crisp, logical, earnest sermon from the Rev. Anthony Harrison Evans, the successor of the famous Dr. Paxton.

This church has been renowned for its music ever since Mr. Schneckner began his work there nearly twenty-seven years ago. During these years the following vocalists have in turn contributed towards the high musical reputation of this church: Sopranos, Mrs. Henrietta Beebe-Lawton, Mrs. L. L. Danforth, Mrs. Annie Norton-Hartdegen, Mrs. Bessie Grovesteen-Dutton, Mrs. Clementine De Vere-Sapio, Mrs. Alice Stoddard-Hollister and Miss Marguerite Lemon; contraltos, Mrs. Richards-Smith, Miss Matilde Toedt and Mrs. Sarah Barron Anderson; tenors, Theodore Toedt, H. R. Humphries, Christian Fritsch, William Dennison and Charles Herbert Clarke; basses, Reinhold L. Herman, Dr. L. L. Danforth and Horatio J. Brewer; to which brilliant list should be added the names of the present superb quartet.

Mrs. Beebe-Lawton has earned an excellent name as a vocal teacher; Mrs. Dutton still sings in public; Mrs. Sapio's reputation is well known; Mrs. Hollister died last summer; Miss Lemon has gone upon the stage under Augustin Daly's wing; Mrs. Anderson is the solo contralto of the Brick church; poor Toedt has lost his eyesight, but continues to teach successfully; Humphries is the leader of the Banks Glee Club; Fritsch teaches in Mrs. Thurber's conservatory; Dennison is the tenor of St. Thomas'; Clarke sings and directs the music at the Madison Avenue Methodist Church, teaches in Carnegie Hall and is the second tenor of the celebrated "Morgue" Quartet; Herman has become a noted composer, and has recently been called from Germany to conduct the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston; Dr. Danforth has gained riches and a good name (which is "rather to be chosen," etc.) as a physician, and Brewer is president of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. And, verily, many more things interesting and historical could be written about these personages; but the above will suffice for the present.

As for Brother Schneckner, it is very rare that an organist plays for so many years in one church; and the inference to be drawn is decidedly complimentary to him. The people of the West church think so highly of him that they tendered him a testimonial concert in recognition of his completion of twenty-five years of service as their organist. This concert was given January 13 last, at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, and was a delightfully successful affair. With the possible exception of Dudley Buck, Schneckner is the most prolific writer of church music in this country.

The members of his present choir, with the exception of Mrs. Jones, have been singing at the West church for many years. The new soprano, who began her second year in May last, came from a Pitts-

burg church, and is a decided acquisition. She is not only a charming vocalist, but an accomplished pianist and a graduate in harmony; all of which makes her the more useful in a church choir. The other three singers are so well known that words of praise from me at this time would be superfluous. If you find yourself some Sunday morning in a pew of the West church, do not place less than one dollar on the plate when Uncle Russell Sage passes it to you; for the music alone is worth fully that amount.

Percy Walling's two years with Sbriglia have done wonders for him, and he is with us again with voice developed and style broadened. While in Paris he was baritone soloist of the Church of Notre Dame de Pontoise. During the summer he has been performing the laborious duties of precentor at the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and now he begins a career at the Roman Catholic Church of the Blessed Sacrament—a church which is low architecturally but not virtually. Percy is a son of the late Superintendent Walling of this city. One difference between the father and son is that the former's aim was to police, while the latter's is to please.

One swallow does not make a summer, and seven men do not make a church choir. The Rev. Dr. John Hall was a noble man and an eloquent preacher, but his ideas on the subject of church music were puerile and altogether erroneous. Why seven men? Why not a single or a double quartet of men, if women are really out of place in a choir gallery? And, then, these seven gentlemen have been compelled to sing the hymns just as they are written for mixed voices in the hymn book, a counter tenor taking the alto part, and a second tenor or baritone, or both, singing the air an octave down. Fearful, wonderful and marvelously terrible! The organist and singers all know better, but they must obey orders, for are they not well paid? It is to be hoped that Dr. Hall's successor, when chosen, will prove to be a man of musical common sense. In that case, a first-class quartet of ladies and gentlemen will be installed without delay. Whether there should be a chorus, small or large, in addition to the quartet, is largely a matter of opinion, and need not be discussed in this column at present. But, for pity's sake, renovate the musical end of your church, ye pious Presbyterians!

ADDISON F. ANDREWS.

Music, and Religion.—A church dignitary in Pittsburg has issued stringent orders to the clergy of his diocese against advertising special music to be performed in any of the churches over which he has jurisdiction. The order also prohibits announcements of music from the pulpit.

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HOW THE "TREASURY" DEFINES AN "ARTIST."

The Treasury Department has gone to Webster's dictionary and looked up "Artist," and the result of this philological research has been that Fehrer Poldi and his Hungarian orchestra may come in and play at the Eden Musée unless we are to hear later on what the Supreme Court of the United States may have to say to the contrary.

When Fehrer Poldi and his merry men came behind the Statue of Liberty three weeks ago, Mr. Alex. Bremer, president of the National League of Musicians, went to the Immigration Bureau and protested against the landing of these foreigners, alleging that they were being brought here under contract to labor, contrary to the Federal statutes in that case made and provided. The Bureau, on the report of a special Board of Inquiry, granted Mr. Bremer's contention. But the Treasury, represented by Assistant Secretary Spaulding, and on the authority of the lexicographer, finds that Fehrer Poldi and orchestra are not imported contract laborers, but imported artists.

It is good that Washington should officially recognize the orchestral musician as an artist; it is bad—very bad—that the Law should—if the Law does—refuse the American musician that protection which it accords to the products of American labor. The fundamental principle of protection to American industry is that, without such protection, the day's wage of the American worker must fall to the standard of wages paid in countries where the worker lives as American workers cannot, and must not, live. This is an excellent principle. But why not apply it to the American musician? Must he be content with remuneration even lower than, in the plethora of musical talent in our large cities, he is now obliged to worry on with, simply because "science and taste preside over the manual execution" of his work?

This may be the Law, but it is distinctly not Justice.

BUGLE BLASTS.

The Boston Cadet band is in great demand for the coming season.

Mr. Joseph White is now the agent for Fanciulli's Seventy-first Regiment band.

Alex. Davis, Jr., is on the road with "The Highwayman" opera company as the principal violin.

Ignaz Rosen, the well-known flutist, is with Wernig's orchestra at the Madison Square Theater.

William T. Rowell, the talented young violinist,

..CARL FISCHER..

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Conterno's Concert Band.

LUCIANO CONTERNO,

Director.

is with the Franko orchestra at the Lyceum Theater this season.

Orchestral players at the Brussels opera get only \$4 a week. In London orchestras the smallest pay is \$15 a week.

Walter Rogers, the well-known solo cornetist and formerly leader of the Seventh Regiment Band, is now a member of Sousa's concert band.

Fred Innes and his fine band are filling a five weeks' engagement at the Omaha Exposition, and from all accounts he is making the biggest hit of his life.

Mr. John J. Dillery, musical director of the Post Office band, St. Paul, Minn., has brought the ensemble playing of his band to a high degree of perfection.

The Musical Mutual Protective Union has admitted 109 new members since January 1, 1898, and during that time has had to mourn the loss of 26 members by death.

William Jaeger, cornet soloist, was the chief attraction at the park concerts in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, with several of the regimental bands, during the past season.

The New York Ninth Regiment is without a bandmaster. Several names have been presented to the musical board, but as yet they have not decided who shall have the position.

Mr. O. C. Conterno volunteered to go to the war with the First New York Engineers as chief musician, and has an excellent band of 30 musicians with his regiment at Porto Rico.

The first appearance of a Pittsburg band at the Exposition in many years was that of Guenther's Greater Pittsburg band very recently. Both leader and men were accorded an ovation.

Octavio Conterno, formerly of New York, and, latterly, bandmaster of the Fifth U. S. Cavalry, has settled in San Jose, Cal. Mr. Conterno was a captain of cavalry during the civil war.

Mr. Luciano Conterno, the veteran bandmaster, has resigned the bandmastership of the Ninth Regiment, N. G., of this city. No doubt there will be numerous applications to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Alex. Bremer has been again entrusted by Mr. Grau with the engagement of the orchestra for the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Bremer will engage sixty-six musicians.

Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment band has had a series of very successful engagements during the past summer season. Glen Island, Battery Park and Twenty-fourth street pier are among the number.

Mr. M. J. Lander, whose reputation as the society musical director for the "400" is national, scored a great success as a director of military bands at the race courses in Sheepshead Bay and Gravesend during the past summer.

T. B. Brooke and his famous Chicago marine band have just closed the most successful season ever enjoyed by this organization, at Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, Pa. During the sixteen weeks that they were there an empty seat was a rarity.

Mr. Ernest Clarke, trombone soloist, formerly with Gilmore's band, has engaged with the Dam-

rosch orchestra. The orchestra will fill an engagement at the Pittsburg (Pa.) Exposition, and then make a concert tour through the West.

The name of P. S. Gilmore will live in the hearts of the public as well as of the musicians. It was Gilmore who organized the first large band of sixty men. He was followed by other leaders, who increased their bands from thirty to forty and fifty men.

Mr. Luciano Conterno will open his season with the grand spectacular production, "The Battles of Our Nation," at Albany, N. Y., on October 24. The company will consist of more than 100 persons, including a band of 30 musicians. The work has been revised to date.

Thomas H. Joyce, who led the orchestra at the Standard Theater (now the Manhattan) for a number of years, has vacated that position. His place has been taken by John Braham, the veteran leader, whose name is widely known throughout the country for the catchy music which he wrote for Harri-gan and Hart's plays.

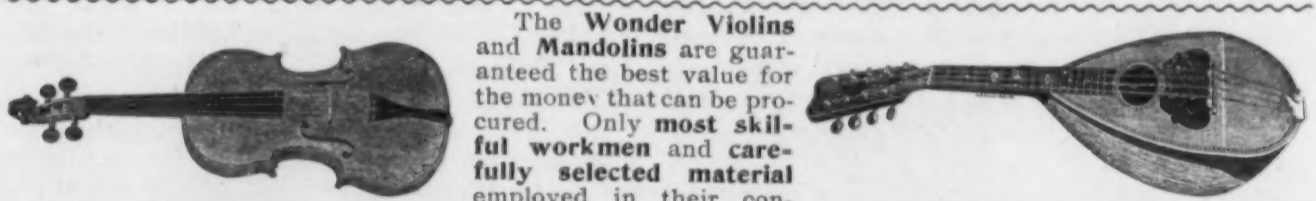
Mr. Ernst Neyer, bandmaster of the Seventh Regiment, N. G., added to his well-earned laurels at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, N. J. Mr. Neyer has furnished the musical attraction at this fashionable summer resort for the past eighteen years. At the Broadway Theater Mr. Neyer furnishes one of the most efficient orchestras in the city.

The new members of the Boston Symphony orchestra are: Messrs. von Theodorowicz, violin, of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra; Maquarre, flute, of the Lamoureux orchestra; Longy, oboe, of the Colonne orchestra; Selmer, clarinet, of the Lamoureux orchestra; Kloeppel, trumpet; Mausebach, trombone; Thomae, tuba, and Rettberg, timpani, of the New York Symphony orchestra.

Herbert L. Clarke stands second to none as a solo cornetist, and his reputation in this line of work extends throughout the country. The late Pat Gilmore admired him for his clever work, as do Sousa and Victor Herbert, with whom he has played. Mr. Clarke is about to fill a two weeks' engagement at the Mechanics' Exposition, Boston, Mass., commencing October 10, where he is a great favorite.

A detachment of the Twelfth New York Regiment Band arrived last week from Lexington, Ky., on sick-leave. They were in charge of W. H. Smith, acting bandmaster, of Jersey City. Benjamin Murphy, Bernard Olsen, S. T. Christie, E. M. Vail, John Kurz and Otto Hapley were among the number who arrived, and every one had his story to relate of the hardships which they went through at Chickamauga.

Mr. Joseph G. Rampone, bandmaster of the "Old Guard," is the musical warrior of the profession. He obtained permission from his officers to volunteer, and organized a band for the Eighth Regiment, N. G., and went into camp with the expectation of seeing foreign service. Mr. Rampone's band was the life of General Colby's Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps, and he still has hopes of serving with his regiment in Cuba or Porto Rico.



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MUSICAL BOSTON.

Musical affairs in this town just now are as "dead as Chelsea," as the local saying goes, the only important announcements so far being those of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet, the former beginning its eighteenth season and the latter its fourteenth.

The most important item of interest is the return of Mr. Wilhelm Gericke as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is nine years since Gericke retired from the direction of the orchestra, after a term of five years' service in that responsible position, during which engagement this refined musician and dignified and honorable gentleman gained many friends. Their love and respect for his estimable qualities as a musician and a man have not diminished in the least, in spite of his prolonged absence.

Of the members of the present organization there are still forty-eight who were members under Gericke's direction (1884-1889), all of whom will give him a hearty greeting when he again presents himself as conductor.

When Gericke retired from the orchestra he was a bachelor. He returns with a family consisting of a wife, a most accomplished lady and musician; a daughter, Miss Katie, about five years old; and Frau Flamm, Mrs. Gericke's mother. On his arrival in New York Gericke was met at the dock by Mr. Fred C. Comee, of the management, who represented Mr. Higginson, and by a number of friends. After a few days' sojourn in New York he was welcomed at the Park Square station here by a large party and escorted to the Hotel Brunswick, where he received an ovation. The Gerickes will make their home in the beautiful suburb of Brookline.

The eminent conductor said he was glad to be back in Boston, which, he remarked, seemed to him like a second home. He had closely followed the work of the orchestra during his absence, and would take up the baton again with pleasure and gratification.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra series virtually inaugurates the musical season in this city each year. That event takes place on Saturday evening, October 15, the public rehearsal occurring on the afternoon of the previous day.

The soloists announced to appear during the series are Mme. Gadski, Lady Hallé (Norman Neruda), Mme. Carreno, Miss Aus der Ohe, Messrs. Burmester, Kneisel, Loeffler, Adamowski, Schroeder, Rosenthal and Sauer. Other equally prominent artists are promised.

The Kneisel Quartet will give their usual series of eight concerts at Association Hall, and will have the assistance of the following soloists: Joseffy, Rosenthal, Scharwenka, Siloti and Arthur Whiting. Mr. Sauerquille will have charge of the business affairs of the quartet, which he has so ably managed during his identification with this association of artists.

Just think of it, we have a "Municipal Band" in Boston. It is said that Mayor Quincy conceived the idea and had a committee of five appointed, all familiar with musical affairs, who, in turn, selected a conductor to organize the body of players, about forty in number. Isn't this the pioneer organization of the kind in the country?

Mr. E. N. Catlin was chosen as director, an able and experienced musician and conductor. Under

his charge a splendid series of concerts were given upon the Common on Sunday afternoons and in other localities at different times.

For the first time in the history of Boston these occasions have been under police protection. This season 5,000 seats were arranged about the music stand and quiet was maintained throughout the performance, where formerly all were obliged to stand around or sit on the grass while a vile gang of hoodlums from ten to twenty years old rushed and roared about among the listeners, dispensing profanity, vulgarity, rudeness and insolence without restraint.

It is suggested by the committee that the municipal concerts be continued during the winter in suitable halls in central localities. Really, this is progress in the right direction, and Conductor Catlin can be relied upon to furnish entertainment, and at the same time aid in cultivating a better musical taste on the part of the public.

As the season advances, other Boston interests will be considered, with critical reviews in condensed form of current happenings, the writer striving to treat musical matters in a faithful and honest manner, as regards both the art and the profession.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

BOSTON SEMI-TONES.

BOSTON, Oct. 1, 1898.

As an indication of the local general interest, it is worth noting that the four days' sale of Symphony seats has resulted in the largest aggregate returns that peerless orchestra has ever had.

Free scholarships for promising pupils on the violoncello have been established by the management of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Alexander Blaers has been placed in charge of the violoncello department at the New England Conservatory, in succession to Mr. Leo Schulz, who goes to New York.

William H. Sherwood's daughter, Miss Elsa Franziska Sherwood (a pupil of Leschetizky), who is located permanently in Boston, has resumed pianoforte teaching in Steinert Hall.

Adèle Aus der Ohe is announced to give two pianoforte recitals in Steinert Hall on February 15 and 18. She played with great success last week at the Worcester Festival.

Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski, with Mme. Antoinette Szumowska-Adamowski, will form the Adamowski trio, and do concert work under the direction of Mr. L. H. Mudgett. They will appear here.

Mr. Carl Baermann is back at his studio from a New Hampshire vacation. He takes up concert work extensively this season, and will probably give several recitals.

Siloti is announced for several recitals at Steinert Hall during the early part of February, the dates not yet decided upon.

Max Bendix, the violinist, is advertised to give a recital here in January.

Moritz Rosenthal will play with the Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall on November 4 and 5, and will give a recital November 23. He is reported as being now in robust health and in excellent form.

The Faelten Piano School starts the season with more than 260 pupils on the pianoforte.

The purpose of the New England Conservatory is to pay increased attention to its orchestral department, ample opportunities being afforded the pupils to play new compositions of merit. This branch being confided to Mr. Eugene Gruenberg.

Melba, in a series of concert recitals, is one of the red-letter events promised for the coming Boston season.

Mme. Marchesi, Bloomfield Zeisler, Henri Marteau, Bendix and the Adamowski trio, will appear here under direction of Mr. L. H. Mudgett.

Miss Olga Brandenburg gave a piano recital before the Music Teachers' Convention at the New England Conservatory last Saturday. An American by birth, she has been educated abroad, and comes to the New England Conservatory to finish her musical education, as she finds the instruction here much superior to that in Germany.

Mr. W. A. Howland, the baritone, late of New York and Worcester, has decided to devote much time to his increasing Boston class of pupils, and is located in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Max Heinrich, with Mrs. Heinrich and Miss Julia Heinrich, leaves for San Francisco next week to fill some concert engagements there commencing October 18.

Mr. Wilhelm Gericke's decision to produce Beethoven's Ninth (Choral) Symphony and Schumann's Manfred has greatly pleased the musical public.

They do say that some of the Worcester chorus believed they were engaged as soloists. K.

MUSICAL BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1898.

Although to a stranger it might seem at the first glance that Buffalo is quite a musical city, he might change his opinion if he should look a little behind the scenes.

To begin with the Symphony Orchestra Concerts: Mr. F. C. M. Lautz, who has been the promoter of these concerts for more than eight years, during which time he has always had large deficits, has actually been obliged to announce that unless by a certain date there are a certain number of subscriptions he will not arrange another series of orchestra concerts.

This fact speaks for itself; even if the eight concerts are to be given again, a music-lover feels that in a city of more than 350,000 inhabitants there ought not to be the slightest difficulty in finding the necessary one thousand subscriptions of ten dollars each, each admitting two persons.

Among the concerts which are well patronized should be named the Orpheus Concerts, given by a male chorus under the direction of John Lund.

The recitals arranged by the Twentieth Century Club, where artists like Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, the Henschels and others could be heard, were overcrowded last year.

In Mr. John Lund Buffalo has an able conductor, and we may count among the composers in Buffalo one of international reputation—Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, whose interesting and thoroughly musical compositions are every day winning more public recognition in America and Europe.

The Twentieth Century Club, with Miss Charlotte Mulligan as president, has so far engaged for its series of concerts Alexander Siloti, Plunkett Greene and the Kneisel Quartet.

Madame Melba and her opera company will appear at Music Hall in January.

Mr. James Nuno, one of our best vocal teachers, will take charge of the vocal department at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

The Buffalo School of Music, under the able directorship of Miss Mary M. Howard, has opened with a registration of pupils exceeding that of any previous year. The different departments in piano and violin-playing, singing, composition, etc., are under such competent teachers as Miss Elinor Lynch, who has just returned from a year's study with Leschetizky; Mr. Ludwig Schenck, Miss Hawley, Miss Howard.

On October 27 the first lecture by Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel, assisted by Mrs. Krehbiel, will be given at the Twentieth Century Club. Mr. Krehbiel will speak of musical culture in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

HENRY F. MILLER
Pianofortes

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BOSTON, MASS.

MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 1, 1898.

It is safe to say that the coming musical season in Cincinnati will be not only brilliant, but fraught with many a welcome surprise.

This being an off year, so far as the May Festival is concerned, the general interest naturally centers in the Symphony Orchestra. Dean van der Stucken, the conductor of the orchestra, did not return from his trip to Europe until last Saturday. At the present writing nothing positive is known in regard to the programmes or the choice of soloists, but it seems to be understood that American music and American artists will receive full recognition.

Next year the "Saengerfest" of the North American "Saengerbund" will be held in Cincinnati. Over 3,000 singers from all parts of the country will participate in the event, and to accommodate them a magnificent hall will be erected for the occasion, large enough to seat about 10,000 people.

The local German singing societies have formed an organization with the name of "United Singers of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport," under the direction of Mr. Louis Ehr Gott, who has been selected as the musical director of the Jubilee Festival.

The pet project of Mr. van der Stucken—to organize a large mixed chorus in connection with the Symphony Orchestra—is again mentioned, but it is extremely doubtful whether an attempt will be made this season to carry out that plan. The German singers, upon whose assistance Mr. van der Stucken counts to a great extent, are too busy with their own affairs in connection with the coming Saengerfest to consider his proposition, and the American singing societies do not seem to be in sympathy with the plan.

The Apollo Club, whose excellent chorus work is recognized and duly admired far beyond the limits of this city, will begin its rehearsals this month. Mr. B. W. Foley, the energetic and gifted director of the organization, has not yet formulated his plans for the season.

The Orpheus Club, under the able leadership of Mr. Charles A. Graninger, will give its usual number of concerts this season.

One of the most active and energetic musical organizations of this city is the Ladies' Musical Club, which comprises among its members some of the best musical talent of Cincinnati. At the head of the organization stands Miss Emma Roedter, an accomplished pianist of more than local reputation. The ladies are filled with the most laudable enthusiasm, and it is their ambition to cultivate only the best styles of music, to engage only the best artists for their concerts. The club has done a great deal in the interest of good music in Cincinnati, and deserves full credit for its work in the past.

The Cambro-American Choral Society, which was organized last year under the direction of Mr. David Davis, will appear in a few concerts during the coming season.

There is a project on foot to combine the best voices of the Catholic Church choirs of Cincinnati into one large choral society for the cultivation of sacred music and oratorio. If the plan is carried out the new chorus would, in the future, become a most valuable assistance in the production of great oratorios at our May Festivals. I do not mean that the new organization should become merely an adjunct to the May Festival chorus and, as such, completely lose its identity. It should become a strong and independent choral society, as independent as, for instance, the Apollo Club. But, like the latter, it should willingly lend its powerful assistance to make the May Festivals a complete artistic success.

The Conservatory has been strengthened by the addition of Cavaliere Pier Adolfo Tirindelli, the Italian violinist, composer and director, who will have charge of the classes in violin playing, theory and composition. He is an excellent musician and teacher, and decidedly a most valuable acquisition for any music school in this or any other country. The coming of the new paper is awaited with great interest by the musicians here.

ERNEST WELLECK.

MUSICAL PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 1, 1898.

Mr. Damrosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra closed to-night an engagement at the Pittsburg Exposition which has proved a source of great delight to all local lovers of good music. To them it has been fully demonstrated that a conductor like Damrosch and such an orchestra as he conducts, can be eminently successful in pleasing the masses. Never before had he appeared in concert here with prices of admission so low as during this engagement, and probably never before had he played to such audiences.

Throughout the engagement the performances of the orchestra have been of a standard hitherto unobtainable in this city. The programmes were excellent. Not one feature, either in the programme or encore numbers, which were often demanded, could be objected to by even the most captious critic. The first programme of Thursday afternoon's concerts may be quoted as a good example. Here was the "Meistersinger Vorspiel," Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Saint-Saëns' "Military March" and the Oberon overture.

The attendance on Friday night, known as symphony night, exceeded 16,000, a pretty sure indication that a symphony concert is not beyond the comprehension and appreciation of the general public when Damrosch is here.

Heretofore it had been the custom at the Pittsburg Exposition to have the concerts provided by brass bands. At least this was the rule during the first few years of its existence and the standard of excellence was consequently not of the highest. During the past four or five years a great advance has been made in the musical attractions engaged. Brass bands were succeeded by some of the best concert bands in the country. These were brought here to fill engagements covering several weeks of the exposition season. The bands heard thus far at the exposition this season have been Sousa's, the Greater Pittsburg Band and then Damrosch with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Victor Herbert and the Twenty-second Regiment Band will open their engagement at the exposition on Monday.

During Wednesday night's concert Mr. Damrosch did something which surprised those of his audience who had fondly imagined he was above anything and everything that did not appeal to the highest in music. After a severely classical series of Wagnerian numbers he played for an encore number Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" march. As for Mr. Damrosch himself and his orchestra they seemed to enjoy the "Stars and Stripes" as much as the audience did. In conversation with the writer after the concert Mr. Damrosch said: "I think Sousa's 'Stars and Stripes' march is the greatest one ever written. It is my favorite among the Sousa compositions."

Mr. Herbert's engagement at the exposition will be made additionally interesting by the fact that he is to direct the Pittsburg orchestra concerts during the coming season.

Frederick Archer, who directed the Pittsburg orchestra during the past three seasons, has returned from his vacation and resumed the organ recitals at Carnegie Music Hall last evening. During the winter months these organ recitals are given every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. Being free to the people they are very largely attended.

Ludwig von Kunitz, concertmaster of the Pittsburg orchestra, has made arrangements to conduct a free orchestra class for the benefit of the large number of amateur musicians in this city. He requires all candidates for admission to pass an examination.

Miss Eleanore Meredith, of this city, who sang at Newport, Saratoga and Lake Chautauqua during the past summer, has returned to New York.

Charles Russell, a member of the Pittsburg orchestra and the Kunitz String Quartet last season, is seriously thinking of giving up the violoncello and appearing as a concert singer.

EDW. S. HOLADAY.

MUSICAL BROOKLYN.

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, Oct. 7, 1898.

The musical season now about to open in Brooklyn offers plenty of the best attractions. The Music Department of the Brooklyn Institute has issued its prospectus. This includes ten concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, five song and violin recitals, five chamber music concerts, five choral concerts, two oratorios, five organ recitals, piano recitals by Rosenthal, Aus der Ohe, Siloti and MacDowell, one grand concert by the Brooklyn Arion, a number of musical lectures and many other attractive entertainments. The organizations engaged to give the chamber music concerts are the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston; the Adamowski Quartet, of Boston; the Spiering Quartet, of Chicago; the Kaltenborn Quartet, of New York, and the Richard Arnold Sextet, of New York. The singers engaged are Gertrude May Stein, Emma Juch, Dudley Buck, Jr., Cecile Lorraine, Katherine Fisk, Max Heinrich, Evan Williams, Ben Davies, Charlotte MacConda, Corrinne Moore Lawson, Ffrangcon Davies and Campanari. The violinists include Ovide Musin, Bertha Bucklin, Henri Marteau and Willy Burmeister. Space will not permit me to name all the worthy artists engaged by the Institute for the season, but each one will receive recognition at the time of appearance.

The Brooklyn Arion opened its season last Sunday night with von Suppé's "Flotte Bursche," and the performance was most spirited and thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Claassen conducted, and Marie Mattfeld, of the Damrosch German Opera Company, was in the cast. To-morrow evening (Sunday, October 9) the members of the Sängerbund will open their season with an operetta by Holländer. Louis Koemmenich, the conductor of the "Bund," will direct the performance.

A series of musical treats that will be sadly missed in Brooklyn this season are the Seidl concerts. There was a peculiar charm about the concerts Seidl conducted here under the auspices of a band of plucky women, who called themselves the Seidl Society.

The musical event of this week in Brooklyn has been the engagement of the Royal Italian Opera Company at the Amphion Theater. The repertoire included "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "The Masked Ball," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

To-night (Saturday, October 8) Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Krehbiel, of Manhattan, will appear at Association Hall in a lecture-recital in the Brooklyn Institute series. Mr. Krehbiel will give a talk on the "Folk Song of America," which Mrs. Krehbiel, formerly a favorite church singer in Brooklyn, will illustrate.

The handsome new Wissner concert hall will be formally opened with a fine concert on Friday evening, October 28, under the management of Edward H. Colell, for seventeen years manager of Chickering Hall. A number of musical lectures, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, will be given at Wissner Hall during this season. One series, on "Musical Form," will be opened later in the month by Carl Fiqué.

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MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3, 1898.

The outlook for the musical season in Chicago is reassuring to the teacher, flattering to the artist and particularly attractive to the public.

At last the arrangements for concerts are being completed, and the dates fixed. The Chicago Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas and the management of Miss Anna Miller, announces its first rehearsal and concert for October 14 and 15, with the following programme:

Overture, Don JuanMozart
With a concert-ending by Theodore Thomas.

Symphony No. 8, F major, op. 93.....Beethoven
Eine Faust-OuvertureWagner

Intermission.

Symphonic VariationsParry
Suite from Ballet, Casse Noisette....Tschaikowsky

Overture Miniature.

Danses Caracteristiques—

Marche, Danse Arabe,
Danse de la Fée Dragée, Danse Chinoise,
Trepac, Danse Russe, Danse des Mirlitons.
Valse des Fleurs.

It would seem that this year the orchestra is to be something more than a bill board for the display of various artists. The sale of seats at the present time exceeds that of any previous year, and there has been no effort made to herald the artistic novelties. Not but what a soloist is an addition to an orchestral programme, but it takes more than one measure to make a score. The organization is practically the same as last year and this fact promises a delightful season.

The soloists announced for early concerts are Mme. Nordica, Mme. Sembrich, Moritz Rosenthal, Willy Burmester and Eduard Zeldenrust.

In a matter that awakened as much conjecture as did the question of the new conductor for the Apollo Club it is natural that the wonderment should now turn to the probable future of the organization and what lines will be followed by Mr. Wild. If a man's past work may be considered as indicative of the future, that question may be safely left in the hands of the new conductor. The Apollo Club will give "The Messiah" on the evenings of December 19 and 21. The soloists of the first concert will be: Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, Mrs. Katharine Fisk, Mr. Whitney Mockridge and Mr. Frank King Clark. For the second concert Miss Corine Moore, Lawson, Miss Louise Clary, Mr. Evan Williams and Dr. Carl E. Duff.

The first concert of the Mendelssohn Club will be November 22.

The Chicago Conservatory, which came under the management of Mr. Bernhard Ulrich at the close of last season, has arranged a very interesting series of recitals by Messrs. Leopold Godowsky and Theodore Spiering to begin October 6. A Verdi anniversary concert has been announced for October 9, which will be given in the Auditorium Recital Hall. At that time the baritone, Signor Arturo Mareschalchi, will be heard. The Spiering Quartet will play a seldom-heard composition, and Mr. Robert Stevens will be the pianist.

The American Conservatory began the year with a concert by Miss Jeanette Durno and Miss Elizabeth Kennedy.

The composer, Richard Strauss, has a champion in Mr. George Hamlin, who will open his concert season October 11 at the Grand Opera House, by presenting the songs of this popular composer. The songs are little known and will be a novelty. Mr. Bruno Steindel will play the 'cello sonata in F major.

Speaking of novel programmes, Miss Clara Murray, harp soloist, who has taken a studio in Lyon & Healy's, has arranged a concert which will include numbers for two, three and four harps. The soloists of the occasion will be accompanied by a quartet of harps.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were not a circumstance to Chicago's prospective performances of "The Persian Garden." Mr. Frank Hannah announces that his artists, Miss Jenny Osborn, so-

prano; Miss Edith Evelyn Evans, contralto; Mr. Evan Williams, tenor; Mr. Charles W. Clark, baritone, and Mme. Johanna Hess-Burr, musical director, will give "The Persian Garden" in Steinway Hall, October 25. Mrs. Geo. Benedict Carpenter announces that on November 4 and November 5, in Studebaker Music Hall, the following artists, Mrs. S. C. Ford, soprano; Miss Marguerite Hall, contralto; Mr. MacKenzie Gordon, tenor; Mr. David Bispham, bass, and Miss Adella Prentiss, piano (the original cast), will give this same musical setting of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat"—What of it?

The Spiering Quartet will open its season in Chicago on October 25, and then will go on an extended tour through the West. The quartet will give six concerts here during the winter at the Quadrangle Club of the Chicago University.

The Kneisel Quartet will give the opening concert in the smaller hall (University Hall) of the Fine Arts building, but the date is not yet fixed.

The Innes Band, under the management of William O. Wolf, will give a concert in Studebaker Music Hall November 2.

The Ravenswood Musical Club, under the direction of P. C. Lutkin, will give this year "St. John's Eve" and "The Messiah." The soloists engaged are Mr. Holmes Cowper, Mr. Charles W. Clark, Miss Eolia Carpenter, Mrs. Ella P. Kirkham, Miss Jenny Osborn and Mr. Bruno Steindel.

Mrs. Harriet Dement Packard was the soloist at the opening of the Matheon Club.

The musical lecture platform seems to be coming into popularity here. Mr. Emil Liebling is meeting with marked success in the illustrated lectures he has arranged. The subject of the next will be "Bach, and his contemporaries." Mr. Bicknell Young has finished three very interesting studies of "opera, its origin and development," "ballads and ballad singing" and "oratorio, its traditions and interpretations." Mr. William Armstrong has added to the lectures which he made so popular throughout the country a new one which has not yet been announced. Mrs. Ellen Crosby will continue to give the Wagner lecture recitals which met with so much favor last winter.

Signor Arturo Buzzi-Peccia, the tenor from Milan, now a member of the faculty of the Chicago Musical College, was given a reception at the Auditorium by Dr. F. Ziegfeld. The Signor claims a long list of noted pupils and tells many interesting experiences with Verdi, Boito, Puccini and others.

The Bendix Grand Concert Company will include Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mildred Webber and Hans Line.

The Schuman lady quartet of this city has been reorganized and is now composed of Mary D. Hall, soprano; Ada H. Kidson, mezzo; Florence C. Rosenthal, contralto, and Helen C. McConnell, alto.

On Wednesday, September 28, the management of the Fine Arts Building, Mr. Charles Curtiss and Col. Pardee, gave a reception to the representatives of the press in the new Studebaker Hall, which was to be opened to the public the following evening. Undoubtedly the hall appeals to the æsthetic nature first. The color scheme, a Pompeian red background with ivory and silver columns, ceiling, and arch, while not altogether original, is developed in a manner which is pleasing and satisfying. Uniform good taste has been displayed throughout.

Architecturally the hall is scholastic, and while there is little evidence of originality, the classics have been drawn upon to the best advantage. Along the sides there are three tiers of boxes running back to the rear balconies. The side boxes or galleries are supported by continuous square fluted columns with capitals after the Roman Ionic models. Square lines are followed throughout the entire design, and the lobbies and staircase approaches are well-placed and picturesque.

The ornamentation suggests the better examples of Renaissance. Probably the best thing of all is the elliptical stage arch, upon which not a detail is prominent, but the whole thing swings uniformly, just as it should. Probably the worst feature is the ceiling, which appears too massive and out of scale with the cornice.

But all carping criticisms are forgotten when we notice how wonderfully well art has been made the tool of practical utility. There is not an inch of waste room; there is not a poor, uncomfortable seat. You have a little atmosphere of your own to breathe and are not compelled to fight your neighbor for turning-around space. The entrances are direct and ample; in a word, you can get in and out easily and can hear and see well. The stage is large and is fitted with all necessary mechanical devices. An organ of 55 speaking stops is being put into place.

The announcement that on Thursday, September 29, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler would make her appearance for the first time since her trip abroad, and would be accompanied by the Chicago Orchestra, was sufficiently alluring to tempt that part of society which had returned to town to make a special effort to be present on that first "first night." So, although the night was hot, a rather large representative audience gathered to satisfy themselves that the new hall was all that had been claimed for it, and to do homage to Mme. Zeisler.

When the lights were flashed on full, it was discovered that the architect had counted on the beauty, brilliance and life of an audience to perfect the setting which he had planned.

The programme given was as follows:

Overture, "Consecration of the House." Beethoven
Concerto No. 5, Op. 73, E flat major....Beethoven
Allegro,
Adagio un poco moto.—Rondo.
Concerto Op. 54, A minor.....Schumann
Allegro affettuoso,
Intermezzo—Allegro vivace.
Scherzo from Concerto No. 4,
Op. 102, D minor.....Litolff
(By request.)
March, "Rakoczy," from "The Damnation of
Faust."Berlioz

Fifty members of the Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Arthur Weld "consecrated the house," and the audience stood it very well. Those things are always supposed to be labored, so the audience sympathized with the conductor and sympathized with the orchestra and pitied the "house," for they knew that everybody would feel better all around when that baptism of doleful tones was over. So they did, and when Mme. Zeisler appeared she was greeted with a reception which should delight the soul of any artist. Each time she played, the audience demanded an encore. It was these encores that tested the acoustics of the hall, but the most delicate tone could be heard in any part of the house.

That Mme. Zeisler is an artist, everybody knows, and her wonderful technique would in itself be a subject for a whole chapter of praise. The faultless precision, the delicate touch, the fire, the reverence for the exactness of the score were only lesser elements; for surely the perfect phrasing, the balance of each figure in its proper relation to the whole composition proved an intelligent artist. It was pre-eminently intellectual. One felt throughout what Mme. Zeisler was doing with the music, not what the music was doing with Mme. Zeisler. You wondered also what Mme. Zeisler would like to do with Mr. Weld and the Orchestra if she had a chance, and what Mr. Weld would do with the orchestra if he had a chance, and what the orchestra might do with Mr. Weld if it had a chance.

Mr. Weld was not to blame; he gave the signals all right. The Orchestra was not to blame because they couldn't understand them.

It was an exaggerated case of lack of rehearsing, but if Mme. Zeisler did not complain surely the audience should not.

The Litolff number was by far the best on the programme. In this Mme. Zeisler did her best work and the orchestra kept approximately near the tempo. But with all, it was a success, and Chicago owes the men whose name the hall bears a debt of gratitude. It will undoubtedly further the cause of art and give much pleasure to the music-lover.

CHARLES FLETCHER SCOTT.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23, 1898.

The 'Postle Paul is on record as having complimented the Athenians upon their superstitious devotion to religious observances. He has never paid San Francisco a visit, but, should he do so, he would hardly repeat the compliment paid to Athens; though if he had any taste for music, which is doubtful, he might commend this wild and woolly Western city, in very high terms. For I do not believe any place of its size in America enjoys so many facilities for culture and entertainment in the divine art as this does; surely not at the same wonderfully small cost.

This city comes as near to the possession of a permanent symphony orchestra as any other, except Boston, and for the last few years we have had our annual series of symphony concerts, conducted in admirable style, and with programmes made up of the very best selections. In fact, many modern compositions are familiar to San Francisco, which are almost novelties in other cities. There is a permanent organization among us that has not only fostered the classical cult, but made it pay its own way, even leaving a balance at one season's end with which to begin the next. To old musical residents, who can remember former days and the struggling endeavor of a few fervid souls to promote symphony music, it has been a cause of pride to behold the throngs that rushed to the later concerts.

Mr. Fritz Scheel, who came here during the Mid-Winter Fair of 1894, has ever since been regarded as our local "Maestro," so much so as to make the symphony cult almost seem to center in him, although Mr. Gustave Hinrichs has been available on former occasions, Mr. Scheel conducted the twelve concerts of last season, and is expected to resume the work of the next one. Last year he gave Beethoven's fifth and ninth symphonies; Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique;" Raff's "Im Walde;" Schubert's ninth; Dvorak's "New World;" Fred Zech, Junior's, fourth—a first performance of a San Francisco-made symphony; Goetz F major, and numerous suites, overtures and symphonic poems by Schumann, Goldmark, Liszt, Wagner, Saint Saëns, Moszkowski, Urban and others. These concerts were given at the Tivoli Opera House, and always to such full attendance that there was a cash balance over expenses of \$3,400.

This is a good showing in symphony work, but we are still more opulent in facilities for education in the realm of opera. The Tivoli has been in full blast nearly twenty years, during which time, although the house has been almost reconstructed, it has only been closed less than forty nights. It is usually devoted to comic opera, but of late years an annual grand opera season of eight or ten weeks has become the rule. The enterprising management, taking advantage of the off season elsewhere—there is none in our glorious perpetual round of sunny life out here—every year engages a fine company of artists and produces the best works of the repertoire in a manner that would do credit to almost any other house, but at the incredibly low price of 50 and 25 cents to the patron!

The grand opera period is just now upon us, and in its eighth week. We have just had "Lohengrin," "La Gioconda," "Aida," "Faust," "Il Trovatore," "Traviata," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Lucretia Borgia," "Carmen" and "Rigoletto," excellently staged and costumed, sung by a double company of principals, including Anna Lichter—almost a counterpart of the younger Adelina Patti; Marie Brandeis, a big, dramatic, superb-voiced soprano; Marie Linck, contralto; Rhys Thomas and Edgardo Zerni, tenors; Maurice de Vries and Wm. Pruette, baritones; Wm. Schuster and Sig. G. Wanrell, basses. This week began with Goldmark's great symphonic opera, "The Queen of Sheba," a work which usually requires weeks of preparation and a long run. Here it is put on after only a fortnight's rehearsal to go four times! I heard it the first night, when it was admirably given—not a hitch or slip discoverable, although the artists tell me they consider "Lohengrin" a

comic opera in facility of achievement compared to "The Queen of Sheba."

With facilities such as the Tivoli offers for our education in opera it is not strange that our public is more familiar with the standard works than almost any other public in the country. Adelina Patti remarked this when she noticed how judiciously the applause was adjusted to the pauses in the singing, indicating that the majority had heard and remembered the compositions. The library of the Tivoli is valued at \$72,000, and contains nearly 30,000 scores, prompt-books, orchestral parts, etc., etc.

It is an ideal place, too, in which to enjoy opera. One can go as he pleases, pay a trifle, smoke his cigar, sip his beer, enjoy the proximity of his sweetheart in cosy nooks around the upper galleries, with the unconditional freedom of a roof garden. The place is so well ventilated that the smoke is not noticeable or offensive to one's neighbors. So one can enjoy first-class music-drama without the usual restraint incident to full dress and the ordinary features of grand opera.

We have recently had a visit from Mr. William L. Tomlins, the neological exponent of popular singing, who was formerly located in Chicago, but is now, I understand, devoted to a peripatetic dissemination of his creed; somewhat à la Moody and Sankey. I am told that Tomlins is in great esteem farther East. This was mentioned as a contrast to his limited success here. He was cordially supported by a certain grade of musical enthusiasts, but I fear there was a touch of disappointment in the general result of his visit.

He collected a hundred or two of disciples and whipped into shape a pleasing programme of folk-songs, oratorio selections and glees which drew on either side the Bay an audience before whom he exhibited his singular, but not very agreeable, style of "conducting"—without a baton, but by means of much finger-snapping and audible as well as visible urging. I have always regarded the gyrations of a "conductor" as a serious detraction from the pleasure of listening to music, and only to be tolerated as a necessary evil. Tomlins ought to screen himself from the audience, unless he, like many less intelligent, though none the less enthusiastic, timebeaters, is too vain to suppress a view of his own personality and self-importance. It was this latter class—who quite infest the church choirs hereabouts, over whom they brandish sticks with a tiresome superabundance of flap-doodle, and a blighting effect upon this branch of musical employment—that needed, and doubtless did receive, wholesome precept and example from Apostle Tomlins, who has now become a local memory, having flitted to other fields of endeavor.

If we are abundantly supplied with symphony and opera, we also have one of the best vaudeville shows in America. The Orpheum has been going now for over ten years; nine performances a week, and to the full capacity of its large accommodation. Last week, besides the usual long list of specialties, jugglers, acrobats and other "turns" I heard an act of "Faust" finely sung, and Felix Morris in "The Old Musician." It was at this house that poor old Remenyi drew the last squeak from his fiddle, and expired before his audience. This week Mme. Jeanne Franko, the eminent lady violinist, is on the bill, and it is gratifying to note that the enormous crowd of mixed humanity is unanimously enthusiastic in admiration of her playing and in the rapt attention which they pay to it. She receives sometimes four or five recalls. Madame Tavery sang there recently. Now that vaudeville attracts first-class artists, the Orpheum presents us with the pick of availabilities.

Readers of MUSICAL AMERICA please regard this as an inaugural—a prelude to a series of letters from the Occident which I am invited to contribute to the new music journal—I want to tell of many other features of San Francisco's musical life; its bands, its singers, its prodigies, its societies. Enough of its fertility in all such items has been suggested. So, postponing further comment, and, with greetings to MUSICAL AMERICA, I close this first epistle from

H. M. BOSWORTH.

MUSICAL ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 1, 1898.

Chief among the features of the coming season are the programmes now being outlined by the musical organizations. In respect to music, St. Louis is stronger than ever, manifesting more concern in the stability of the Choral-Symphony Society and adding the Philharmonic Society to its list of organizations. It must be said, however, that the success of musical societies here is due more to the love and very hard work of the few directly interested than to any support given by the public. The reverse of this is devoutly desired. Music is, indeed, gathering advocates rapidly, and will at no far-distant day have a different story to tell. St. Louis numbers among her teachers some of the leading musicians in the country, while the amateur societies are working with might and main to help young talent.

The Choral-Symphony Society, under the direction of Alfred Ernst, will give its nineteenth season of concerts at the High School Auditorium instead of at the Exposition Music Hall, and will offer six orchestral and four choral concerts, to take place on alternate Tuesday evenings. The increased rental of the Exposition Hall necessitated the change to the High School Auditorium. The chorus will include from 100 to 125 voices. Among the choral works to be rendered are: "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn; "Olaf Trygvasson," Grieg; "Messiah," Haendel; "Third Act of Faust," Schumann; "XIII Psalm," Liszt; "The Seasons," Haydn. The symphonies include "Pathétique," Tchaikowski; "Eroica," Beethoven; "Jupiter," Mozart, and a symphony by Brahms. The soloists under consideration are Rosenthal, Lady Hallé and Plunkett Greene. The first concert will take place in November.

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Joseph Otten, will give three choral concerts at the Exposition Music Hall. The first concert will be given in December. Rehearsals take place every Tuesday night. At the first rehearsal one hundred and twenty-nine applications were received. The society is now in correspondence with prominent soloists. The "Messiah" will be presented at the first concert. The chorus will be of 250 voices. The expenses will be guaranteed by a subscription fund. Mr. Otten was for fifteen years conductor of the Choral-Symphony Society.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Alfred G. Robyn, will give its season of concerts at the Fourteenth Street Theater, the first concert taking place November 23. The Apollo Club has been eminently successful from the beginning, and is a conspicuous exception to the general lack of interest in musical affairs here. During the course of the season this club presents some of the most distinguished artists.

The St. Louis Musical Club is one of the prominent factors in musical circles, and has its private and public concerts, at which the best local amateur talent is heard, as well as some of the most prominent artists obtainable. Its initial concert will be given in November.

The Morning Choral Club, under the direction of Ernest R. Kroeger, will give several concerts during the season. The first rehearsal will be held in November.

The St. Louis Quintette Club expects to resume its concert work this season. Four concerts will be given at Memorial Hall. The concerts of this club are always thoroughly enjoyable. Among the members are George Heerich, first violin; Val. Schopp, second violin; R. Schuchman, viola, and Carl Froehlich, cello.

The plans for the Kunkel popular concerts, which have a strong hold upon the public, have not yet been announced.

Other organizations which have not yet definitely outlined their course will be heard of later.

The new paper, MUSICAL AMERICA, is sure to be received here with enthusiasm.

THOMAS M. HYLAND.

MUSICAL PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Oct. 3, 1898.

The musicians of Philadelphia are gradually waking up from their summer lethargy. The outlook for the season is similar to what it has been for several years past at this time. Preparations are going on for the fourth season of opera under local auspices, to begin in November. The first season (1895-1896), under Mr. Hinrichs, while it was marked by many errors of management and faults in performance, was at least the beginning of a new movement which is likely to keep on improving from year to year, as the second season was better than the first, the third better than the second and the fourth, unless the forecast and prospects of Mr. Ellis, who now has absolute charge of the opera, are not carried out, ought to prove the best season of local opera, as it is called, that the city has ever had. In addition, there will be special performances by the Grau Company.

The arrangements for the opera season seem to absorb all the energy of the music-lovers who are willing to put their hands into their pockets, and the result of this is that, while Philadelphia is the gainer by delightful evenings spent at the Academy of Music, but little energy is left for any other musical venture. Chamber music seems to be without the proper financial backing, and the efforts to get up a local orchestra to give weekly concerts and elevate music by producing the best of the old and the most interesting of the new compositions seem to be languishing.

An interesting musical event was the two weeks' season of grand opera by the Royal Italian Opera Company, which closed on Saturday—particularly interesting in the fact that Mme. Chalia appeared for the first time in opera in her adopted city. Mme. Chalia is a beautiful Cuban girl, who is married to Mr. Thomas Y. Graham, of this city. She has been known heretofore as a skilful vocalist, through her work at the various local associations, such as the Treble Clef and the Eurydice, and by her singing of certain scenes from "Traviata" at a matinée at the Broad Street Theater. She has, however, studied very hard the last few years, and this operatic début gives evidence of considerable change in method, and the prospects of her developing, with experience into an artist of the first-class.

Prof. R. C. Schirmer is giving a series of forty lectures during the season at the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music. The subjects to be treated are: Musical Instruments, four lectures; Harmony, fourteen lectures; Counterpoint, Canon, five; Musical Composition, four; Fugue, two; one each on Acoustics and Aesthetics of Music; two on the Art of Piano-Playing and seven on the History of Music.

The musical talent of Philadelphia will be strengthened this winter by the addition of Mr. E. S. Fischer, who has been studying violin the past four years in the Hochschule, Berlin, Germany, under Joseph Joachim. He will settle here and will teach this winter as well as be heard in concert work.

Philadelphians are proud of Miss Mary E. Halleck, and her talent as a pianist. She has been engaged as solo pianist for the concerts to be given by the Carl Lowenstein Concert Company, and the Permanent Orchestra of New York city, Emil Paur, conductor. She but recently returned to this city, after an absence of two years in Vienna, where she was the pupil of Leschetizky, and is at home working very hard in preparation for her tour.

An interesting musical event will occur in this city on Tuesday, November 1, when "In a Persian Garden," the song cycle by Liza Lehman, will be given under the direction of Joseph Spencer Brock. Heretofore it has been heard only with piano accompaniment, but on this occasion the accompaniment will consist of a string orchestra, with piano. The scoring is by Nicholas Douthett, who, in addition to his success as a tenor singer, has of late become prominent as a song writer and composer. This is believed to be the only existing arrangement for string orchestra. W. C. C.

Leonard P. Whitney, an able musician and teacher, died recently at his home, Cambridgeport, Mass.



THE SONGS OF '98.

The songs that live for even a year are but a small fraction of the many published, and those that live for a generation can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The quality of heart-touching in song-composition is the true mark of genius, and few possess it. Sometimes it is to make the world smile, but oftener it is to dream of the days that are dead, or to weep for the love that is lost. Pathos endures the longest and secures the strongest hold upon the human heart. Love is the next theme that strikes a responsive chord, and ever and anon worship and war notes stir the hearts of men.

On the whole, as we near the end of the century, the quality of the songs written by our composers is greatly improved, and the hopeful among our people claim that ere the twentieth century has half run its course the element of "trash" will be eliminated from the music of the people.

In the past few years the songs even of the vaudeville have improved in character. The simple ballad is slowly but surely gaining a hold, and at the model vaudeville houses of the country even concert songs are daily given on the programme to most appreciative audiences. The themes of the so-called "popular" songs are improving in tone, and the old hackneyed story of the woman who fell by the wayside has ceased to be told.

The public wearied of these, which perhaps is the reason why the public have taken so kindly in these past two years to the brightness and humor of the "coon" songs. Unstinted appreciation has certainly been shown of the dashing ditty, "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town To-night," and it will be written in history that this song often cheered our soldier boys before the frowning walls of Santiago. The frequenters of the New York roof gardens showed their appreciation this summer of that humorous song, "She Certainly Was Good To Me," and now it is being sung all over the country. Gussie L. Davis, a genuine negro himself, has recently written a new "coon" ballad entitled "Creole Sue," which is melodious enough to set all feet keeping time, and so many minstrel and theatrical companies are now singing it that it bids fair to be the next "hit" in this line.

Once in a while a real "gem" is given to the world, clothed in the negro dialect. This year the one to win public favor is a pretty little lullaby entitled "Kentucky Babe," written by Adam Geibel, the blind composer of Philadelphia. This song has found its way to the London music and concert halls, and the advertisement of it often appears in the great London dailies.

The war brought out thousands of patriotic songs, and publishers hoped that another George F. Root or Henry C. Work would be discovered, but they were doomed to disappointment, and the average war song of 1898 was a dismal failure. A strange fact is that the war song that sold best this year was one that had already been on the market for a year or more. I refer to Charles K. Harris' pathetic ballad, "Break the News to Mother," which eclipsed all other war songs in selling qualities. A few others made a lasting impression, such as George Lowell Tracy's "Columbia Glory;" that stirring ballad, "While We Go Marching Through Cuba," and "There's Room For One More Star."

Songs with war themes and appeals to patriotism will be in vogue for some time yet, and James Aldrich Libbey, the well-known "Song-Creator," recognized that fact when he chose for his principal number this season a beautiful ballad entitled "Taps; or, the Dying Soldier's Request," which was written especially for him by the London composer,

Felix McGlennon, who first became famous in this country through his wonderfully popular ballad, "Comrades."

"Story songs" have not appeared during 1898 in as large numbers as in past seasons, but this fall they are again increasing in number. Albert H. Fitz, of children's song fame, the composer of "Won't You Come To My Tea Party?" has written a descriptive ballad entitled "Don't Let Her Know," which is being sung in a number of first-class minstrel companies, and Arthur W. Pryor, the famous trombone soloist in Sousa's band, makes his first bid for public favor in this line in a pathetic song entitled "Yes, After All, 'Tis Better So." Gussie Davis, Paul Dresser and Charles K. Harris, who are counted our cleverest writers in the line of the so-called "popular" songs, seem to write less descriptive ballads nowadays. They carefully watch the turn of the tide, and are always ready to give the people what they want.

The most unique song success of the year is that of Ford and Bratton's truly beautiful ballad, "I Love Yo' In the Same Old Way." It is what might be termed an American coster song and aptly illustrates the theory that true art lies in simplicity.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE AMERICAN SONG.

BOSTON, Oct. 1, 1898.

Editor MUSICAL AMERICA:

It is a lamentable fact that the soloists who appear at the symphony concerts in our large cities almost never sing a song in our own language by an American composer. One can readily see what hard work the American musicians have in securing recognition. I hope the time will soon come when the great vocalists will deem it their duty to seek out American gems of song, to be added to their repertoires. There are such gems, and it is an insult to America and Americans that singers so persistently pass them by. Such composers as Edward MacDowell, George W. Chadwick, George Lowell Tracy, Harry Rowe Shelley, Frederic Grant Gleason, Robert Coverley, Arthur Foote, Alfred G. Robyn, C. B. Hawley, Philip Greely and L. F. Gottschalk have all written songs which the greatest vocalists need not feel ashamed to sing, even at a symphony concert, and it is time they were given a hearing along with French "chansons," German "lieder" and operatic arias in all languages but our own.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER.

Gottschalk's "Last Hope"—It is not generally known that Gottschalk's famous composition, "Last Hope," improvised to soothe an invalid friend, was conceived in Santiago de Cuba. The American pianist met with an enthusiastic reception in the ancient Spanish city.

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PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

American art asserts itself in a more and more independent manner. Every year hundreds of young men all over the country flock to its banner, willing to struggle and fight for it, and advertise its merits—or their own—as is the fashion at the end of this nineteenth century. Our young art students are not modest; youth never is; they believe implicitly in themselves; even think that the whole world centers in them. The wants of their life are easily satisfied; they work hard in their special lines and do not bother much about other things; they are



FROM A SKETCH BY F. LUIS MORA.

self-reliant, primitive, and nearly all good technicians; they know how to handle a brush, although they may be deficient in ideas and sentiment.

Just the right men to develop our American art.

The sentiment that American art is second only to that of France is rapidly gaining ground. I do not agree in this, but I admire the audacity of the assertion. All the young artists, whether competent or not, believe in the future of American art, and that is the right beginning. One must believe in oneself before one can accomplish anything.

Only a few days ago I heard this expressed for the hundredth time by Mr. Mora, one of the younger men of genuine ability, who, sitting in a Japanese smoking jacket at his studio window, plied the subject with such emphatic terms as "We are sure to come out on top some day!"

F. Luis Mora was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, of a French mother and a Spanish father, the sculptor Domingo Mora, who made the statues in the corridors of the New Criminal Court House in Boston, the panels of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the decorations on our red-towered Produce Exchange.

These young foreigners are often the most ardent advocates of American art; they appreciate the vast opportunities of their adopted country—much more so than the young man who was born and brought

up here; they are over-anxious to show that they are Americans, and at the same time unconsciously reveal in every picture something of the characteristics of the nations they originally sprang from. In this way young Mora adds brightness—sensuous color gleam—to our generally too sober palette.

He studied at various places and under various teachers: in Boston under Tarbell and Benson, two virtuosos who excel in technical trickery but have nothing but prose to express; in New York under Siddons Mowbray, the dreamer of Oriental fairy tales. But he still holds the opinion that his father taught him more than anybody else. He has also been in Paris and Madrid. He followed the rule, "Studying in America, and seeing in Europe," which is to be recommended to all aspirants to fame.

Mr. Mora's ambition is to paint pictures à la Fortuny, carefully executed in every detail, and yet sparkling with individuality. A "Studio Interior" of his that I saw at the last "Society" was delicately handled and exquisite in color. Fond of children, fond of bull-fights, of Oriental costumes—of everything that is bright, and gay, and full of color—he may sooner or later give us something Fortuny-like, something of which he may be as proud as of the two Fortunys that now hang in his studio.

Some of the sketches which Mr. Mora made during a recent trip through Mexico will, in all probability, appear in one of the leading magazines.

I almost forgot to mention that he fills with dignity the delicate position of teacher in the Woman's Life Class of Chase's School.

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"La saison morte" is over.

In the summer we hear no art news, except it were that Mr. J. S. Brown has painted another of the little shoeblack stories of which neither he nor his public ever seem to get tired, or that Mr. W. M. Chase has had another successful summer season with his lady pupils in the Shinnecock Hills. Now the art schools open up, the painters return from their outings to their skylighted studios and begin to teach, illustrate or paint portraits.

Exhibitions do not as yet loom up on the horizon, but many a hand is already busy with an exhibition picture that may prove a prize-winner or a "refusé," just as the sapient jury sees fit.

◆ ◆ ◆

The news comes from Paris that Augustus St. Gaudens did not meet with the success he hoped for abroad. He gave an exhibition of his life work in the Salon. It is said that Rodin, the most eccentric sculptor of our time, who lately astounded all Europe with his statue of Balzac, for the grotesqueness of which there are no adequate terms in the English vocabulary, took off his hat before St. Gaudens' Shaw monument, but that otherwise art circles, as well as the public at large, remained rather indifferent to the masterpieces of this American sculptor. At all events they did not create a sensation such as once did Antokolsky's works. The result may have come unexpectedly upon the artist, but it is easy enough to explain. St. Gaudens was an absolute stranger to most Frenchmen—not even his name was known. His work is strictly individual and American and has, like all the best efforts of American art, a certain rigidity and frugality; like the Doric style of Grecian art, it can dispense with lavish embellishments, in strange contrast with the intellectual sparkle pervading even the most insignificant specimen of Parisian art. Parisian art is in its decline; American art is rising—that is the principal reason why St. Gaudens was not appreciated. Besides, for an artist's work to be really understood it is necessary that the artist should grow up among the population from which he expects praise and admiration.

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The death of Stéphane Mallarmé, the leader of the symbolistic movement in modern French literature, recalls to my mind that Whistler's portrait of his mother was purchased by the Luxembourg gallery largely through Mallarmé's efforts. This purchase was a great triumph for American art,

despite the fact that the painter considers himself a cosmopolitan.

The photographic branch of the American Institute gave an interesting exhibit at the Academy. It was their first ambitious effort in that direction and, artistically, quite a success, although the combination of asters, grapes, pumpkins and photographs was a peculiar one. The exhibit of photographs was not quite as representative as I expected, but the numerous pictures by Stieglitz, that peculiar fanatic who has made photography an art, were well worth a visit. No matter whether he photographs a flock of goats on the banks of the Seine, two Dutch women crossing the Katoyk dunes, with the famous church in the distance, or a Fifth avenue omnibus on a midwinter day in the driving snow, he always produces an effect that only artists can attain. The particular lesson that this exhibition afforded was, however, a lesson in tasteful framing. Not one photograph—and there were hundreds of them—was badly framed. Considering how difficult it is to frame a photograph to the best advantage, this was a marvelous achievement. Ten years ago even the most optimistic amateur would not have hoped for such results.



FROM A SKETCH BY F. LUIS MORA.

The interest in art is steadily increasing; it shows itself more readily in such details as affect our daily domestic life than in the words of admiration expressed in some gallery before a picture with a big name. There is hope we may soon have that art atmosphere which Mr. William Sharp Hill denies.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

CLASSIC STEINERT HALL.**A MOST REMARKABLE CHAMBER-MUSIC AUDITORIUM.**

ITS SUBTERRANEAN LOCATION.—EVERY FEATURE UNIQUE.—THE WORK OF A MUSICIAN FOR BOSTON MUSIC-LOVERS.

BOSTON, Oct. 1, 1898.

The creative ability of the New England Yankee is famous throughout the four hemispheres in every field of human endeavor, from the simplest to the most intricate, and in every line, from the production of devices to serve the plainest utilitarian purpose, to the advanced order of brain that ministers to the highest nature of man.

It is of this last and highest phase of creative ability that we would here speak—more particularly of one shining example—the famous Steinert Music Hall.

So much has been said and written in unqualified praise of this beautiful and unique musical shrine that it seems now a Titanic task to present anything new; for the continued praises of those who now see and enjoy it are but the echoes of the admiration lavished upon it at its erection two years ago; praises intensified by the test of time.

The hall is the thought of Mr. Alexander Steinert, president of M. Steinert & Sons, whose public



spirit impelled him to provide for a want keenly felt. A cultured musician himself and a vital force in musical life, he, as a private enterprise, provided an adequate home for chamber music which is in keeping with the wealth and dignity of the city of Boston. This hall, whose location and characteristics are the sole work of Mr. Steinert, has attained the enviable position of being admittedly the most perfect chamber music hall in the world.

Descriptions fail to do it justice, for its glory lies not alone in the effect upon the eye, or upon the ear. But since the views here given will reach many who have not visited Boston, an excerpt from a description in "Music Trades," New York, may be of interest. The location of this dainty auditorium thirty-five feet below the surface, was the happy idea of Mr. Alexander Steinert, who wanted to avoid the noises attendant on direct contact with the incessant bustle of the streets. He succeeded admirably, for the lighting, ventilation and acoustics are all perfect, and the seating arrangements for nearly six hundred people leave nothing to be desired. It is totally dependent on artificial light for use, on machinery for ventilation, and is below the level of the tide. Within its pillared walls no street noises come, and the hearer can listen to the inspired music of Beethoven and his fellow-giants without harassing reminders of the busy street traffic only a few feet away. The approach

to the hall, from two streets, leads one to the stairway here shown, a perfect specimen of eighteenth century French architecture, copied from the favorite home of Marie Antoinette (the Petit Trianon, Versailles). From the balcony level one descends

delight, and is enhanced by the Italian Renaissance architecture. On either side are three massive fluted pilasters with Corinthian capitals; around and above these the architrave breaks out, while above this is a richly decorated frieze of an acan-



Steinert Hall from the rear of the auditorium.

by either arm of the stairway to a broad platform, whence a few steps lead to the floor of the foyer. This stairway is ornamented by a handsome wrought-iron balustrade of arabesque figures and acanthus leaves of hammered iron. The miniature loggia over the central platform is the crowning beauty of this truly beautiful foyer.

From here one passes through ample doorways to the hall proper, and adjectives fail to express the sense of contentment one feels within this artistic monument. The hall is elliptical in shape, with the stage end in the smaller radius, and contains four proscenium boxes as well as a large balcony. The exits include an elevator and four stairways. The first unique effect is the absence of all glare, for

thus-leaf and honeysuckle design, the whole surmounted by an artistic cornice. A paneled dado seven feet high encircles the hall.

The stage, in the centre of the south end, is set within a delicately chiseled frame of laurel leaves, forming a graceful arch, with broad pilasters on either side, and is reached from the rear by a carved door. On the stage is a Steinway grand, and silken curtains drape tastefully over the entrances to the artists' rooms. Adjacent to the stage on either side are two recesses, one forming the vestibule to the rear entrance, the other for the organ when needed. On each side of the chamber are two dainty private boxes, entered from the side aisles and furnished with chairs, the seats in the



Steinert Hall seen from the stage.

the lighting is on the indirect system, the incandescent bulbs being within a recess of the frieze, in the ventilating domes of the ceiling and back of the stage arch. The effect of the mellowed light from an unseen source is to a cultured mind that of

auditorium being upholstered in leather, and fitted with special appliances.

The color scheme is most artistic and refined, the predominating tone of the architectural features and ornamental portions being a delicately tinted

STEINERT HALL.

(Continued from page 25)

ivory, contrasted on the walls with a delicate color of sufficient depth to give warmth to the whole.

Between the side pilasters and just below the architrave are six panels, the three on the right enshrining respectively the names of Bach, Mozart, Schubert, and on the left Schumann, Beethoven, Haydn—high priests of music in a temple dedicated to their religion.

This hall was formally opened with a recital by the Kneisel Quartet and Carl Baermann, their first number being the "Kreutzer Sonata." Since then it has been in constant demand for recitals by the musical elect, for among the pianists who have played there are Siloti, Joseffy, Baermann, Faelten, Emil Paur, Burmeister, Scharwenka, Sieveking, Adele Aus der Ohe, Mme. Szumowska, Mme. Hopkirk, Mme. Emil Paur, Mme. Maastapper, Miss Josephine Hartmann and Composer Ethelbert Nevin.

Of string virtuosi one might mention Franz Kneisel, Charles Gregorowitsch, Alwin Schroeder, Leo Schultz, T. Adamowski, J. Adamowski, C. M. Loeffler, Emil Mahr, Miss Olive Mead. And of singers these: Plunkett Green, H. Evan Williams, Max Heinrich, Miss May Gertrude Stein, Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Miss Lena Little, Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel.

Of lecturers the hall has had M. Ferdinand Brunetiere, the famous litterateur; Mrs. Annie Besant, Miss Beatrice Hereford, Mr. George Riddle.

The subscription concerts of the New England Conservatory are held here.

With the same sense of public spirit that planned its erection, the owners dedicated the hall to intellectual development in its broadest and most catholic sense, and there are no restrictions on the use of any make of pianos or musical instruments of any kind. K.

A FRAGMENT OF CHOPIN.

YOU remember it, of course—the little dreamy morsel of tender melody that floats through the Nocturne—Opus 37, No. 2, is it not? Hymns have been formed from it, you know, and other brutal liberties taken with it.



To Herr Bleichroder, who was the most sympathetic soul in all the world, the strain seemed full of a mournful significance; and, being compelled to listen to it many times each day, he had plenty of opportunities for judging. Across the light-shaft, from his own tiny fifth-story chamber, he could just see the dark head and the comely shoulders of the lady who played. And the certainty of her beauty naturally rendered the sympathy, in this case, all the more acute.

His toleration was the more extraordinary from the fact that he despised pianos—that is to say, pianos played in small flats, in broad daylight. But since coming to this wonderful America, he had learned to endure much. He himself played the trombone in an orchestra, and played it, moreover, most excellently well. That fact, however, has little bearing on this story.

In the mornings he smoked his great pipe and permitted his plump sides to heave at the pictures in the funny German illustrated papers. So it was that he had grown accustomed to the playing of the dark lady across the way. In fact, he had fallen into the habit of listening for the familiar Nocturne and of feeling aggrieved if its performance were too long delayed. For, having neither kith nor kin on this side of the Atlantic, he had plenty of leisure, you see, and felt lonely—yes, very often.

Herr Bleichroder felt morally certain of two

things—first, that the dark lady was very sad (if it were true that she were Spanish, as he suspected, her pensiveness would be easily accounted for by this very cruel war), and, second, that this fragment of Chopin was fraught with some tender recollection for herself. For she never by any chance concluded it without coming over by the window of her chamber, where a tiny cradle swung on a sort of trestle, just beyond the spotless white curtains, and bending over it in an attitude of immeasurable solicitude. Herr Bleichroder was desperately jealous of that infant charge—yes, it had come to such a pass as that, for I have told you he was a lonely man!—but his jealousy was tempered by compassion, for as the helpless mite was never taken from its cot, it must certainly be hopelessly ill. Besides, he was sure that no man ever came to that flat, which justified the charitable hope that its tither was dead, or that he was, at least, being wounded five times a day in the war.

Nor were his chivalrous devotion and respectful interest entirely without their reward. Sometimes, after playing the Nocturne through with her usual delicacy of touch and expression, and pausing beside the cradle to bestow the customary caress upon its occupant, the dark lady would come just to the brink of the snowy curtains and send a wan smile across to the little fifth-story room. And at such times the warm Teuton soul of Herr Bleichroder would expand and soar, and his kindly blue eyes brighten luminously, the comical picture-papers from Berlin being meanwhile quite forgotten. The affair ran along in this fashion all through the hot summer—for there was another bond of sympathy between them, so it seemed, in the common poverty that forbade their going to the seashore, or elsewhere, for a vacation—and not a day passed that did not serve to sweeten the notes of the Nocturne for the listener and accentuate his compassion for the lovely performer. His gentle heart went out, moreover, to the poor little thing in the cradle, for it suffered wofully in the heat, and at times gave utterance to weak and plaintive cries. Its end, alas! could not be far away. And the dark lady's grief was Herr Bleichroder's grief also. Yes, it had grown as serious as that.

And there came an afternoon in September—a cool, sweet afternoon, ah, so vastly refreshing after the deadly week that had scorched the city like a furnace!—when the Nocturne was played, as it seemed, with a tenderness that the good trombone artist had never remarked before. He could see, too, from his window, the opal crescent of a new moon sailing up into the twilight, which made the situation the more romantic. He wondered, tremulously, if the dark lady would come to the window, for she had smiled most amiably (yet withal gravely) at him more than once of late, across the dividing chasm, and upon the last occasion of such condescension on her part he had almost found courage to speak. But how poorly may we reckon in the face of impending calamities. As the music ceased, and as the watcher's heart beat highest and most happily, a long, bitter wail broke the stillness of the descending dark. The beautiful lady had approached the window, true; but when she had glanced into the cradle, the one despairing cry was the immediate and heartrending consequence. It was followed by the sound of suppressed but passionate weeping. The little one was dead, then, at last. And good Herr Bleichroder, in his darkened room, wept honest tears of his own, in sympathy.

Twice that night he wandered from the key: a unique circumstance that caused his director to blink his mild eyes in hopeless astonishment and gasp gently, like a landed fish. His unrest, after his return home, was pitiable. His heart was all in the darkened chamber opposite, whence no sound, even of grief, now issued. Many times before morning he would have stolen to the window and whispered across the chasm the assurance of his sympathy—if he had dared.

It was worse next morning—much worse—for there was a little white casket, all silk and lace, over by the window, and there came across to him in his den the fatal scent of tuberose. The piano, of course, was silent, and once, when he found courage

to creep, stealthily and guiltily, to his own case, he saw a somberly-clad figure kneeling by the tiny bier and the dark head bowed forward, silently and hopelessly, upon it. His stout Teuton heart nearly burst at the sight; and, being unable longer to endure the pain, he went away to a place that he knew, and drank much of the black brew of Munich; and if you had looked closely you would have seen, sometimes, that the tears from his blue eyes ran down his cheeks and over the rim of his stein as he drank.

When he came back, it must be all over, he thought, for the little white casket was gone, though the curtains still gleamed at the open window, spotless as ever. It was twilight again, and even as a fresh fit of sorrow fell upon him, his heart stood still; for out of the silence arose the haunting harmonies of the Nocturne, which he now knew quite by heart. Very beautifully she played—more beautifully than ever before, in the stress of her mighty sorrow—but when she came to the familiar strain—the one that the vandals have made hymns of, you know—



the music broke off short, so! and there was a discordant crash upon the keys. In fancy he could see the round arms and the dark head falling forward upon them.

Though modest and timid, Herr Bleichroder was a resolute man. He knew now that he loved, for he hesitated no longer. We think, some of us, that the Münchener may have lent him courage.

He passed down the stairs into the street and through the open hallway of the next house. He counted the flights that he ascended, and found the dark lady's door by instinct. Trembling, he knocked. The silent adoration of months was about to culminate.

He had guessed rightly concerning her beauty. Her tear-stained face made him think of lilies drowned in dew. "Pardon," he said humbly, as she stood before him, questioningly, "but I could not help it. I came to offer my condolence. Madam has lost her child." Whereat the lady, to his surprise, gave an exclamation of utter horror and retreated, shutting the door smartly.

A serving-wench came down the hallway with aggression in her gait. She had overheard. "Ye shlanderer!" she said, with some violence; "choild, indade! She's an honest wummun. 'Twas the sick monkey she brought wid her from Cuby."

The orchestra director remarked that night that Herr Bleichroder appeared to be enraged with his trombone. Truth to say, he nearly blew its bell off.

HAROLD R. VYNNE.



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